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150 DEER KILLED IN CENTRE AND CLINTON

Hunters Report Success in Numerous Camps.

SOME PAY BIG FINES

Hunters Who Shot Does Had to Turn Over $100 Each to State—Hannah Furnace Man Paid Fine, Then Learned He had Shot a Fine Buck.

Even though many hunting camps are located so far from points of communication that no word from them has been received, reports from the mountains indicate that probably 150 deer have been killed in Centre and Clinton counties. As might be expected with hundreds of hunters swarming through the mountains, a number of doe have been shot, which is in violation of the law. Each violator is subject to a fine of $100, and several have already paid over that amount. On Tuesday a fine doe was shipped by a game warden from Coburn to the Bellefonte hospital. It was shot by a member of a hunting party from Reading. He paid his $100.

Michael Walk, of Hannah Furnace, had a novel experience last Saturday. He shot a deer which he feared was a doe and promptly paid the $100 fine, only to discover later that it was a buck. Without waiting to examine the deer Mr. Walk started for the nearest office of a Justice of the Peace, made information against himself and paid his fine. He then obtained a permit for the removal of the deer to the squire's office. On returning to where he had shot the deer he was greatly pleased to discover that his rifle had brought down a spike buck. A game warden informed Mr. Walk that his $100 would be refunded by the State.

While many hunters have been successful in landing deer a much greater number have met only disappointment. In some instances hunters returned from the mountains after a few days, discouraged and disgusted. They reported seeing numerous doe and fawn, but none of the type which the law permits one to kill. This was particularly true of the Gentzel-Gettig party, which camped some miles beyond Karthaus. About one-half of the party returned home last Saturday, reporting that no bucks had been seen up to that time. Isaac Miller was a member of this party. On the first day or so in camp he became drowsy while seated on a store box and toppling off dislocated his shoulder. A game warden happened along shortly afterward and explained that several physicians were in a hunting camp a few miles distant, but Mr. Miller did not take time to have his shoulder attended to until his return home Saturday. He is 75 years old and goes to the mountains every year to hunt for deer.

The Chambers-Uzzle camp, located beyond Snow Shoe, have two bucks.

The report last week that the Panthers, from Bellefonte, had bagged a buck was denied when William Brouse returned home from the camp on Saturday. He said that the nearest the party had come to killing a buck, up to the time he left, was when "Billy" Cassidy reported that he had seen one but too far off for practical purposes.

The Pleasant Gap party reported Tuesday that they had two bucks and a fox at their camp, near Colyer.

Mr. VanBrant, of Bellwood, stopped over in Bellefonte Monday morning enroute home from a camp in Clinton County. He had charge of two nice bucks and two cub black bears.

James Geary, of Sugar Valley, killed a buck on Wednesday of last week after being out but twenty minutes.

Numerous deer are reported killed in Brush Valley. Parties from Mifflinburg, Bellwood and Philadelphia report from one to three deer hanging at their respective camps.

The Confer party, near Orviston, report three bucks at their camp.

The Zimmerman party, camping in Brush Valley, have three deer.

The Millheim party, camping beyond Farrandsville, have two deer, according to a report from that place.

While the Montandon train, heading for Bellefonte, was passing near Oak Hall Monday afternoon, passengers observed a large deer racing through a field but a short distance away.

Football Saturday.

The Bellefonte High School football eleven will play the Lewistown High School team on the old Hughes Field Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. An interesting game is looked for and a large crowd should be on hand to encourage the local boys.

H. N. TWITMIRE DEAD

Was Well Known and Highly Esteemed Resident of Pleasant Gap

Death on Wednesday morning called one of Pleasant Gap's best known and most highly esteemed residents when Hearr N. Twitmire passed away. He died at 7.40 o'clock in the morning, the final summons marking the culmination of an illness that had gradually sapped his vitality but against which he had made such a noble fight as to attract the admiration of his large circle of friends. With beautiful christian fortitude he patiently awaited the summons to his Heavenly Home and when it came he calmly passed into eternal sleep. Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock from the Pleasant Gap Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. D. J. Frum officiating. Interment will be made in the family plot at Zion.

Few citizens of Centre County were better known and none more universally liked and admired than was Henry Twitmire. He possessed that rare faculty which makes and holds friends throughout a life-time, and while he was a man of wonderful activity it was his earnest conviction that he had no enemies, that the great brotherhood of man were to him his friends. He was ever an active, zealous christian, a member of the Pleasant Gap Methodist Episcopal church since 1864, a man of strict integrity, and an honored and respected citizen who lived long and who made life better for others while he lived. He was born in Walker township 72 years ago, but for many years had made his home at Pleasant Gap.

During the Civil War he served first as a member of Company H, Fourth Penna. Infantry, later with Company M, Third Regiment New York Vol. Light Artillery, Newell's Battery. In 1866 he was married to Miss Elmira Brooks, who survives with these children: Blanche, wife of J. Abner Noll; Cora, wife of William H. Noll, Jr.; Jennie, wife of Harry Hile, all of Pleasant Gap; Ella E., wife of James H. Corl, of Chicago; Harry E., Twitmire, of Pitcairn; Minnie A., wife of Jared Evey, and Lila, wife of Ward Showers, of Pleasant Gap. Surviving also are these brothers and sisters Dr. J. H. Twitmire, of Sharpsville; Jerry V., of Brookfield, Illinois; Mrs. Mary E. Shreffler, of Wilkinsburg; Edwin Twitmire, of Seattle; Professor H. B. Twitmire, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Nancy M. Decker, of Bellefonte, and Miss Mary G., at home.

Mrs. G. W. Lingle Dead.

Following an extended illness Mrs. Jane Ellen Lingle, wife of George W. Lingle, died on Sunday evening last at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Willis F. Bullock, at Beech Creek. She was a lifelong resident of that section and by a large number of friends was ever held in affectionate esteem. A devout christian woman, she was for many years an active, earnest member of the Disciple church at Blanchard. Deceased was born at Farrandsville December 31, 1834, the daughter of Nathaniel and Sarah Willis Johnson, who came to this country from England and located near Queens Run. She was one of nine children, two of whom survive, Mrs. Annie Fearon, of Beech Creek, and William Johnson, of Covington, Pa. In addition to her husband, who is in his 91st year, eight children survive: Mrs. W. P. Bullock, of Beech Creek; Mrs. Edward W. Gardner, of Norwalk, Conn.; Mrs. Britt J. Linn, of Beech Creek; Mrs. William A. Packer, of Avis; Mrs. Clarence T. Gladfelt, of Jersey Shore; Mrs. James Clark, of Bellefonte; Frank Lingle, of Johnsonburg, and Wynn Lingle, of Emporium. Funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock from the Bullock home, conducted by Rev. A. Linkletter, pastor of the Disciple church. Interment was made in the Disciple cemetery.

Mrs. Matilda Strohmyer Dead.

On Sunday evening last Mrs. Matilda Strohmyer died at her late home at Tyrone. She was born November 18, 1865, at Barree and at the time of death was aged 48 years 11 months and 2 days. She was united in marriage to Fred Strohmyer February 5, 1880, at Warrior's Mark. She is survived by her husband and the following children: Mrs. Clay Bateman, Mrs. W. W. Wolesingle, Mrs. Wilbur, James, Mae, Laura and Ralph Strohmyer, all of Tyrone, and John Strohmyer, of Johnstown. She is also survived by her aged mother, Mrs. Maria Harpster, of Pennsylvania Furnace, and the following brothers and sisters: George Harpster, of Duncansville; William Harpster of Birmingham; Charles Harpster of Johnstown; John Harpster of Pennsylvania Furnace; Mrs. Annie Foust, of Tyrone; Mrs. Maggie Eyer, of Pennsylvania Furnace Mrs. Nettie Vaughn, of Mt. Pleasant; Mrs. Laura Neason, of Percy Pa.

Fire Sweeps Millheim
Entire Block Destroyed

Three Stores, Post Office and Five Residences Go Up In Smoke.

SUMMON AID FROM BELLEFONTE

The pretty town of Millheim was swept by a disastrous fire early this (Thursday) morning, an entire block of business places and residences being consumed by the flames.

Three stores, the Millheim postoffice, a barber shop and five residences were burned. The fire broke out about 4 o'clock this morning. The flames were under control about 8 o'clock. An appeal for help was made and volunteers from Bellefonte and nearby towns responded. The Logan Hose Co. engine and hose cart accompanied by fifteen or twenty firemen, were taken to Millheim about 6 o'clock on a special train. The buildings destroyed follow:

Mench's clothing store.
Herr & Ulrich's 5 & 10 cent store.
Robert Stover's jewelry store; the postoffice was located in this store.
Jerome Spigelmyer's store.
Guy Stinger's barber shop.
Mrs. Gephart's residence.
Philip Leitzell's residence.
Harry Mensch's residence.
Annie Auman's residence.
Clyde Boob's residence.

The loss has not been estimated, but it will run into many thousands of dollars The origin of the fire is not known. The flames were discovered in Harry Mensch's clothing store. The bitter cold of the night and a lack of fire-fighting facilities greatly hindered the work of the volunteers. The flames spread rapidly and it soon was realized that the entire block of buildings was doomed. The burned area is on the main street of the town, directly opposite the Millheim Banking Co. building. This is Millheim's second large fire in the last few years.

Pitt's Appreciation for Penn State.

In bygone days, a dozen years back, the Pitt eleven then known as W. U. P. had but little prestige and following. They smarted under the snobbishness of other college elevens and it was hard for them to maintain any kind of a schedule. But Penn State was an exception. Great as the Center county aggregation was even in that period they were not too good to pay poor "Wup" an annual visit. Times changed. Poor W. U. P. became a football power and was called Pitt. Penn State is still an annual cordial visitor and it is safe to say that the crew from Bellefonte will continue to share with Pitt the best date of the year—Thanksgiving. Once an attempt was made to switch State to an earlier date but controlling interests at Pitt, remembering State's broad policies of yesteryear, would not hear of it—Pittsburgh Gazette—Times.

Hospital Donation.

Keep in mind the annual Thanksgiving donation for the Bellefonte hospital and do your part toward helping along that worthy institution. Donations of money, canned goods, vegetables, linens, etc., will be greatly appreciated. The hospital will be open for public inspection all day on Thanksgiving Day. Donations will be called for on receipt of word at the hospital.

Thanksgiving Bazaar.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Luthern church, of Pleasant Gap, will hold their annual Thanksgiving Bazaar in Noll's Hall at Pleasant Gap, Nov. 26, for the benefit of the church. A chicken dinner and oysters, and an oyster supper, cake and ice cream. Price 20 cents. There will be a comfort, and other articles for sale. The public is most cordially invited.

Lutheran Church Services.

Rev. W. M. B. Glanding in the Lutheran church next Sunday evening will deliver the third sermon in the Good Name Series under the topic, "Keeping Our Good Name from Suspicion." The subject of the morning sermon will be, 'Peter, the Enthusiast."

Coxey—Koch.

On Wednesday, November 11th, at the Lutheran parsonage in Bellefonte Roy H. Coxey and Miss Nannie Ruth Koch, both of Boalsburg, were united in marriage by Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, the pastor.

Mrs. Anna E. Barger Dead.

Mrs. Anna E. Barger, wife of Samuel S. Barger, died on Tuesday morning at her home at Altoona. She was born at Potter's Mills, July 13, 1862, and is survived by her husband, her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Stiver, one daughter, Charlotte and three brothers and two sisters, as follows: John A., William H., Ross S. Stiver and Mrs. Martha A. Norman, all of Altoona, and Mrs. Carrie C. Bancroft, of Philadelphia. The funeral will take place today at 2:30 o'clock, private interment being made in Greenwood cemetery.

Mrs. Eliza Fouse Dead.

Mrs. Eliza Fouse died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. S. G. Rudy, at Huntingdon, on Friday, Nov. 7th. She was in her 78th year, and had suffered from cancer for the last several years.

She was a consistent member of the Reformed church, with which she united in early youth. Mrs. Fouse was twice married. Her first husband was William Shontz, who was killed during the Civil war. Christian Fouse, her second husband, also served his country in the great civil conflict. He died at Alexandria in 1882.

Surviving are these children: Frank Fouse, of Alexandria; Mrs. Elizabeth Hosterman, of Boalsburg, Mrs. Theodore Jackson, of Huntingdon. Several stepchildren also survive.

Mrs. E. S. Pennington Dead.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Pennington died on Tuesday morning of last week at her late residence at Milesburg from weakness due to advanced years. Deceased was born on January 23d, 1835, and at the time of death was aged 79 years, 9 months and 17 days. Her maiden name was Sweetwood. She was a most estimable woman and by those who knew her intimately was held in affectionate esteem. Surviving is a daughter, Mrs. D. E. Woodring, of Milesburg, with whom she made her home for a number of years. She was for many years an active, faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Funeral services were held on Thursday from the Woodring home and were conducted by Rev. H. K. Ash. The remains were removed to Lemont and interment was made in the Branch cemetery.

Samuel Jacobs Dead.

Samuel Jacobs, one of Altoona's oldest residents, died of senility at 3:45 o'clock last Friday afternoon. He had been in failing health since March 16. Mr. Jacobs was born at Pennsylvania Furnace on December 22, 1825, and was employed as a carpenter by the Pennsylvania Railroad company for thirty-five years until the policy of retiring employes who had attained the age of 70 went into effect in 1900. After his retirement at the age of 75 he continued to work at his trade until his last illness. He had been a resident of Altoona for fifty years He was twice married, both his wives preceding him to the grave. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Ida MacCartney.

Harry E. Steel Dead.

Harry E. Steel, one of Huntingdon's best known druggists and citizens, died very suddenly on Tuesday evening of last week. Mr. Steel had participated in the parade and reception given in honor of Governor-elect Martin G. Brumbaugh, and shortly after reaching the store after the demonstration he complained to his brother, C. A. Steel, of Tyrone of having a pain in his stomach and chest. A remedy was prescribed and he felt better and went home but died soon afterward.

Read "The Republican $1.50 a year

GREENHOUSE BURNED

Fire Monday Night Damaged Furst Crider Place Near Eagleville.

Fire Monday night caused considerable damage to the greenhouse of Furst Crider, near Eagleville. It is supposed that the blaze originated rom a defective flue. Hundreds of growing plants and flowers were killed by freezing after the flames had swept away the glass coverings.

A high wind was prevailing when the flames were discovered and for a time it was feared that the Crider home and barn would also be destroyed. Neighbors and friends for miles around turned out and worked heroically in the biting cold and succeeded in confining the fire to the greenhouse.

Girls Shoot Four-Prong Buck.

Mary and Zella Sharer, of Port Matilda, on Tuesday of last week had the rare good luck to shoot and kill a four-prong buck, thereby getting better results during the hunting season than many experts who are camping away off in the mountains. The girls, while at the midday meal, overheard several men who had been husking corn in a nearby field remark that one or more deer had been seen in that vicinity. They were at first inclined to suspect the men of trying to joke with them, but during the afternoon they provided themselves with a rifle and started off on a still hunt. They had not gone far when they observed a fine deer. Mary Sharer had the rifle and taking careful aim she fired at the buck, which dropped to the ground. When they realized they had killed a four-prong buck the girls were greatly elated. They dragged the deer to their home, where it was dressed and found to weigh 160 pounds.

Boy's Miraculous Escape.

A Bellefonte youngster by the name of Gordon figured in a most remarkable experience early Tuesday morning, and the wonder is that he was not killed. He was in an automobile, enroute to school, and concluded to get out when the car was in front of the Masonic building, on Allegheny Street. Just as the youngster started to cross the street the truck of the State-Centre Electric Co. came along at a lively clip. The truck struck the boy a violent blow, nearby spectators being filled with horror as they saw his body hurled some distance in the street. The little fellow was picked up and carried into Dr. Locke's office, but that physician was out and a quick trip was made to the office of Dr. Dale. Before the latter could get into action young Gordon experienced a sudden recovery. He found that no bones were broken and without further explanations started out of the doctor's office as fast as he could go.

C. G. McAvoy Advanced.

A copy of the "Breeze", published at Dansville, New York, which finds its way to our desk, notes a business deal in that town which is of interest to Bellefonte friends of C. G. McAvoy, for a number of years manager of the plant of the Bellefonte Electric Co. On leaving Bellefonte, following the sale of the Bellefonte Electric Co. plant to the State-Centre Electric Co., Mr. McAvoy became superintendent of the Dansville Gas & Electric Co. The latter company, owned principally by Philadelphia capitalists, was recently sold to a group of business men in Dansville and nearby places. In the reorganization Mr. McAvoy is continued as superintendent and is made secretary of the new company. In announcing the policy of the new owners of the plant Mr. McAvoy gave out a statement setting forth that the aim would be to give patrons the very best service possible and theryby merit their good will and support.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Aaron Small, Goldie Sherman,	Altoona Philipsburg
Ward R Confer, Delphie Yarnell,	Howard "
E. C. Allbright, Ella Dunkle,	Millheim "
Roy H. Coxey, Nannie Koch,	Boalsburg "
John A. Corter, Erma E. Sanduskie,	Mill Hall Jersey Shore
Fred K. Houser, Catherine E. Mongan,	Bellefonte "
Jacob Brickley, Gertrude F. Packer,	Howard "
Ernest R. Knapp, Ida R. Vaughn,	Sandy Ridge "
Loy. R. Clark, Alva M. Campbell,	Stormstown Julian
Arthur E. Adams, Edith E. Shontz,	Philipsburg "
Blair Rice, Flora Dunklebarger,	Bellefonte Pleasant Gap

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MAY SHIFT PRIMARIES NEXT YEAR TO MAY

Affects Candidates for Judge and County Offices.

BOOM FOR CHAMBERS

Without His Knowledge Davy's Friends Start Movement for County Treasurer—Foreman, Smith and Speer to Run Again.

There is a bare possibility that the campaign in Centre County next year will open with primaries to be held in May instead of the latter part of September. The manner of changing the date has not assumed definite shape, but it is receiving serious consideration at the hands of the party leaders and will likely be submitted to the Legislature which meets in January.

Should the proposed change in the primary law be made prospective candidates for judge and county offices will have to engage in some hasty preparations for submitting their candidacy to the people. For the most part, they have been drifting along, content to wait and observe the trend of developments between now and next fall and be guided accordingly. If the primaries are switched from September to May, as is the case during Presidential years, it will mean that local candidates will have upward of six months from the time nominations are made until the election is held. Otherwise, they will have about six weeks after the primaries to canvass the county.

In Centre County it is expected the entire Court House group of Democratic officials will seek re-election. Prothonotary Foreman has informed friends that he will be out for a second term. Recorder Francis Speer and Register Frank Smith are grooming themselves for renomination. Just what County Commissioners Noll and Gross will do when the time comes is a matter of more or less speculation among their Democratic friends. By some friends of both Democratic Commissioners it is believed that they will not care for re-election, but about the Court House the impression prevails, that they will each go after another term. County Treasurer Miller and Sheriff Lee cannot succeed themselves, so that there will be at least two places on the Democratic ticket for new men. It is said that James Schofield, of Bellefonte, contemplates taking another whirl for nomination for County Treasurer. This would seem to explain his attitude of neutrality in the recent campaign. It is also said that County Auditor Siney Hoy has aspirations to become County Treasurer and will try for the Democratic nomination. Otherwise, it is expected that he and Jerry Brungard will seek renomination for County Auditors.

On the Republican side there has been very little discussion of candidates. The most interesting bit of political gossip is that friends of Davy Cambers, of Clarence, would like to see him enter the field for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer. Unknown to him these friends have been suggesting his name for this office in Court House row, and unless he calls a halt the movement is likely to take definite shape.

If James C. Furst concludes to again be a candidate for District Attorney he likely will not be opposed for the nomination.

For Sheriff the friends of George H. Yarnell anticipate that he will make another dash for the office. In the last county campaign he was nominated and later defeated by a narrow margin, running away ahead of his ticket. D. O. Downing, of near Port Matilda, who made a good run for the nomination in the last contest, may again follow his hat into the ring.

Notice to Subscribers.

Corrections have been made in our mailing list this week, credits being given for all payments on subscription to date and also changes made in addresses as requested. Kindly examine your label and observe whether proper credit has been given for your payment on your subscription. Kindly advise this office at once of any errors in order that the same may be adjusted. Many of our subscribers who have received statements of their account have thus far failed to make payment, due no doubt to oversight. Kindly give the matter your immediate attention.

To Chautauqua Guarantors.

A very important meeting is called for Monday evening, November 23d, at 8 o'clock, of the Chautauqua guarantors, at the Y. M. C. A. rooms. The matter to be discussed makes a large attendance necessary.

MURDERED IN MEXICO

Huntingdon Young Man Killed After Being Held for Ransom.

Carl Von Eck, 17, a native and former resident of Huntingdon, was the victim of a Mexican "Redflaggers" atrocity, according to news that has reached Huntingdon relatives from El Paso, Texas. Young Eck was one among three victims. He had been employed as a chauffer on Look's ranch. He had come to El Paso in his employer's automobile, and after having the machine repaired, had started on the return trip with two companions, William Bishop and Charles West, of El Paso. Their path led to the ranch, south of Casas Grands, in northwestern Chihuahua. Coming to a mountain our country, they were suddenly surprised by a band of mounted Mexican "Redflaggers."

All three grasped their guns, but after an hour's battle, their ammunition was exhausted and they were forced to surrender. The bandits bound and gagged them, stripping them of most of their clothing, and then robbing the automobile, they carried their captives into the hills.

There was much uneasiness at Look's ranch when Young Eck failed to put in his appearance at the appointed time. An investigation was made, but nothing could be learned of the lad's whereabouts. Then, a half-starved, half-clothed colored boy stumbled into El Paso the other day, and brought word of the fate of Eck and his companions.

According to newspaper dispatches the colored boy had been forced to see the Americans tortured to death by their captors, and he had to help bury them. He told also of the battle between the Redflaggers and Americans. Eck, it appeared, had been wounded in the battle, but had continued fighting until the last round of ammunition was fired.

Winter Clothing.

The season has arrived when the thoughtful housewife gets out her husband's "flannels" and her own. Unfortunately many people dress according to the calendar and if the weather happens to be unseasonable, so much the worse for the weather.

Winter means heavy clothes and too often heavy underclothes. Of course the question of the occupation of the individual is a factor in winter dress but the great majority of people spend their time in steam-heated homes and offices where the temperature is little lower in winter than in summer.

For those who live or work in a temperature of from 68 to 70% Fahr. the wearing of heavy underclothes is not only fraught with considerable discomfort but it is apt to lead to colds. To keep the skin dry and to give it air are the two necessary requisites in sensible and heathful dressing of the body.

A certain amount of respiration is constantly going on through the pores of the skin to equalize the bodily heat. If the underclothing is too heavy and tight fitting, it does not permit of sufficient circulation of air. An excess of heat or a little unusual exercise will cause perspiration. If in this condition there is exposure to cold, the overheated parts may become chilled and a cold ensues.

When some circulation of air is permitted, perspiration is disposed of by evaporation and the skin remains dry. Old people, babies and those with weak hearts should always be clothed with thin woolen underwear that they may be kept warm and the evaporation given off slowly by the wool. In going from a warm indoor temperature into the cold outer air heavy outside garments should be worn which can be laid aside on re-entering the heated rooms.

It is becoming more and more the custom for indoor workers to wear lighter weight under garments in winter and to depend more upon their outer clothing to protect them from the cold when exposed.

Sheep Raising Profitable.

With the demand for mutton exceeding the supply, and a constantly decreasing number of sheep during the last few years, Professor B. O. Severson, of the department of Animal Husbandry of The Pennsylvania State College, said the farmers of this State are over-looking an excellent opportunity to build up a small supply of sheep. He offers the following reasons for this statement:

1. A flock of sheep will clear a farm of weeds. Sheep eat and relish almost every class of weeds in the pasture, along the fence row, in the stubble after the grain is cut and in the corn after it is full grown.

2. Sheep return two cash returns each year; the lamb crop and the wool crop.

3. Sheep are prolific, increasing their numbers by more than 100 per cent annually.

4. Pennsylvania farmers enjoy the best markets of the world. New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Baltimore are excelled selling places for winter lambs, known as "hot house lambs."

5. Sheep are known as the "golden hoo." They will increase the fertility of the soil. Their manure is rich and is uniformly distributed.

Complete information on all phases of sheep raising may be had without cost by writing to the State College.

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NEW CATTLE ORDER

Extend Quarantine to Check Spread of Hoof and Mouth Disease.

The following order of general quarantine was adopted by the State Livestock Sanitary Board November 10, 1914, and supersedes the order of general quarantine adopted November 5, 1914, on certain counties.

The fact has been determined by the State Livestock Sanitary Board and notice is hereby given that foot and mouth disease which has been and is adjudged and proclaimed by the said Board to be of a transmissable character exists in livestock throughout the STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Therefore the State Livestock Sanitary Board under authority conferred by law does hereby establish a general quarantine throughout the STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, subjecting to said quarantine all cattle, sheep, other ruminants or swine.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, FIRST: No cattle, sheep, other ruminants or swine shall be removed from or out of the said quarantined area.

SECOND: No cattle, sheep, other ruminants or swine shall be moved into the said quarantined area, except on official permit and for immediate slaughter.

THIRD: No public sales or exhibitions of cattle, sheep, other ruminants or swine in the said quarantined area are permitted.

FOURTH: It is forbidden to drive, transport or move cattle, sheep, other ruminants or swine over or upon public roads, highways in the said quarantined area, except upon specific permission in writing from an agent of the State Livestock Sanitary Board expressly authorized to issue such permits.

Permits for driving, transporting or moving cattle, sheep, other ruminants or swine over the public roads, highways or railways must be taken out in advance and must be held by the person in charge of and accompanying such animals, and must be kept available for inspection.

FIFTH: No cattle, sheep, other ruminants or swine shall be shipped by rail in the said quarantined area except in cleaned and disinfected cars bearing Federal side cards (I. D. Form 57A) giving place and date of disinfection.

So far as possible, cars shall be cleaned and disinfected at established and specially equipped cleaning and disinfecting stations, then sent to the place where the cattle, sheep, other ruminants or swine are to be loaded. Stock cars must not be permitted to enter the said quarantined area unless bearing Federal side cards (I. D. Form 57A) showing that cars have been cleaned and disinfected since they were last used for transportation of livestock.

SIXTH: The transportation of dressed carcasses of calves, sheep, other ruminants or swine within or from the said quarantined area is prohibited unless the hides or skins and hoofs are removed from the carcasses except that hogs need not be skinned and the movement of hides, skins, and hoofs of cattle (including calves), sheep, and other ruminants, and of hay, straw or similar fodder within and from the said quarantined area, is prohibited unless the said hides, skins, and hoofs and all hay, straw or similar fodder be disinfected prior to movement under the supervision of an agent of the State Livestock Sanitary Board. Provided however, That hides or skins removed prior to September 1, 1914, also hay, straw or similar fodder harvested or stored on non-infected premises prior to September 1, 1914, need not be disinfected.

SEVENTH. The general quarantine proclaimed hereby supersedes the general quarantine proclaimed November 5th, 1914, on certain counties and shall be maintained in force until officially revoked by the State Livestock Sanitary Board.

All transportation companies, cattle dealers, farmers, officers of the law and others are called upon to assist the State Livestock Sanitary Board in the enforcement of the foregoing order of quarantine so that this outbreak of disease may be eradicated with the least possible loss and in the shortest possible time.

Violations of any of the foregoing orders will be prosecuted according to the provisions of the Act of July 22d, 1913.

STATE LIVESTOCK SANITARY BOARD,
By C. J. MARSHALL,
State Veterinarian.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Charles D. Moore to Harry C. Long, tract in State College, $350.

Thomas W. Wilson to Penna. R. R. Co., tract in Taylor Twp., $40.

Mildred C. Richard, et bar, to Augusta C. M. Quigley, tract in Bellefonte, $1.

F. W. Penny to Wincenty Pietraszun, tract in Rush Twp., $150.

H. Laird Curtin, et ux, to Boggs Twp. School District, tract in Boggs Twp., $50.

Parrick Scanlon, et ux, to F. Steel Heverly, tract in Spring Twp., $150.

George W. Bratton, et ux, to Philipsburg Hardware Co., two tracts in Philipsburg, $1100.

Norris B. Martz, et ux, to Elmer W. Evey, two tracts in State College, $925.

F. S. Heverly to Harry E. Breon, tract in Spring Twp., $600.

The Minstrel

A Medieval Story of the Rhine

By F. A. MITCHEL

Not far from Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine and on the same side of the river, is a castle, or, rather, the ruin of a castle, which looms up against the sky when seen from the stream below by the thousands of tourists who pass in the Rhine boat. Light clouds sail above it, winds circle about it, as when it was a fortress and the banner of its possessor floated above its highest tower. On looking up at it from the steamer's deck one may fancy its drawbridge let down to the distant rattle of chains, its portcullis raised and the baron himself at the head of a body of his retainers emerge and ride proudly down the declivity.

At any rate, such were my flights of fancy as I watched it while passing up the river and saw it appear faint as mist ahead, reveal itself as we steamed by, then recede and finally disappear in the distance behind.

I asked a gentleman who was gazing upon it as intently as I if he could tell me anything about it when it was in its prime. He proved to be a student of the history of the castles of the Rhine and gave me an incident pertaining to this particular one that I afterward wrote out as follows:

During the seventeenth century a family known by the name of Wrentheim occupied the castle, the last possessor of that name being Baron Caspar Wrentheim. This nobleman had no sons, his only child being a daughter Bertha. Since this girl would inherit all her father's possessions at his death, besides being a very attractive woman, there were many suitors for her hand. Among them was Count Carl Kellerman, the possessor of an estate lying a few leagues from the river and not far from Wrentheim castle. He was a commoner who had grown rich in trade and had purchased his title. Very ambitious, he made up his mind that he would marry Bertha, thereby becoming the possessor of a castle and a feudal lord.

One morning when Bertha was walking on the battlements of her father's castle she saw a cavalcade approaching. Seeing that it would enter the inclosure, she went to a room overlooking the courtyard. There she saw Count Carl Kellerman dismount from his horse and enter the living apartments of the castle.

Kellerman was fifty years old and extremely ill favored. He was bent in the back and bald, and his face indicated a grasping disposition. Bertha took a great dislike to him even at seeing him. He had not been in the castle long before her father came to her and informed her that the count had come to propose for her hand. The baron had replied that he would refer the matter to his daughter. Bertha sent back a refusal. The count left the castle showing his spleen at being refused, and the baron knew that he would find some pretext for a quarrel. This he dreaded, for, though the count was not a fugerain—that is, a feudal lord—he was rich and could hire men to fight for him.

Not long after Kellerman's refusal some of the baron's retainers while crossing territory owned by the latter were attacked by him and his hirelings, who were far more numerous, overpowered and taken prisoners. Kellerman sent Wrentheim word that his men had been trespassing on his property. He would release them if the baron would give him his daughter to wife; if not he would put out their eyes and send them back to him. He gave the baron a week to consider his proposition.

Both father and daughter were much beloved by their retainers because of their kindness and affection for all who were in any way dependent on their bounty. This offer placed them in a desparate position. Either Bertha must marry the hated Kellerman or the captives, some of whom were the fathers of families, while others were dear either as brothers or lovers, would be blinded for the rest of their lives.

Bertha secretly resolved that she would save the prisoners, but before a marriage with the detestable man who had made such an inhuman proposition would take her own life.

One evening when the baron and his daughter were sitting together bemoaning the misfortune that had befallen them a servant announced that a minstrel was without who would, if permitted, afford entertainment. The baron was about to direct that the man be sent away when Bertha interposed, saying that the music might serve to draw their minds from their trouble. The baron assented, and the minstrel was admitted.

Wilhelm—the only name the young man gave himself—was tall and straight as an arrow. He unslung his harp as easily as if it had been a crossbow and was about to begin a song when the baron said to him:

"I wonder that one should devote himself to the harp whose arm seems far more fitted to wield the battleax."

"If you prefer military service to song I will give it," replied the minstrel.

"Would that you could serve us in that way, but it is impossible."

"Why so?"

The baron gave an account of the application of Count Kellerman for Bertha's hand and of the means he had taken to force the alliance. When he had finished the minstrel asked at what time the terms must be accepted or rejected and was informed that only three days remained for a decision.

"Since you require military service of me," said Wilhelm, "I will not waste time in song. Adieu. Perhaps I shall soon see you again." And the harpist took his departure.

He was not seen after that for some hours. Baron Wrentheim attached no importance to his coming and was not impressed by his going. Not so Bertha. She had listened with rapt attention to his music and when he had gone said to her father that something told her the young man would bring them deliverance. But the baron was despondent, and she failed to arouse hope in him.

The next day the minstrel returned and asked to see the baron. When the latter appeared Wilhelm said to him:

"I have been to the home of Count Kellerman, where I offered to sing for him. He listened to my song, in which I predicted that he would marry a beautiful woman and become a feudal lord. He was so pleased that he gave orders that I be well treated. I learned where the prisoners were kept and during the night made an inspection of the building. Give me a force of picked men, and tonight I will liberate them. They are guarded by a hundred hirelings, who, if surprised, may be put to flight by half their number of real men at arms."

The baron, inspired by hope, at once gave orders for the selection of the men required. He longed to head the expedition himself, but this would not be just to Wilhelm. Besides, the baron was too deeply interested to retain that coolness which was required. At nightfall fifty of the best men among the baron's retainers were gathered in the courtyard of the castle, and the minstrel, who now carried a sword instead of a harp, after telling them that they were to go to rescue their comrades and save the Countess Bertha from marriage with a villain, gave them their instructions. They were to go separately and by different routes to a wood near Count Kellerman's estate, where they would lie concealed till the minstrel appeared to lead them to the rescue. They would hear the castle clock strike the hour of midnight and must then be ready for what was to follow.

As soon as the men had received these instructions they began to leave the castle, some in groups of two or three, but most of them singly. It was an hour before the last man, the minstrel himself, left. Before going Bertha pressed his hand and bade him godspeed. Then he struck out by the shortest route to his destination, reaching the rendezvous just as the castle clock in the distance could be faintly heard striking the hour of midnight.

Kellerman's precautions against a rescue had been fairly well taken. He had put out a picket on the road by which a force might approach from the castle, but he had relied upon this and a guard of 200 men to protect the building containing the prisoners, dividing it into reliefs, so that half the guard would be always under arms. The rescuing party not having gone to the attack in a body and not in any case by the road, the count's guards were ignorant of the few but resolute men in the wood not half a league distant from them.

Wilhelm led his men crouching among the bushes toward their goal till but a few hundred yards remained to be traversed. Six men carried a log, with which they were to batter down the doors of the prison and release the prisoners. When a signal—two shots from an arquebus—was given the attacking party were to engage the guards while the six men used the battering ram.

Suddenly two shots rang out on the still air and were followed by terrific yells. The guards on duty sprang to arms, but had not time to form before a wedge shaped body of men split them in two parts, driving them from the building they were charged with protecting. Then commenced a series of loud thuds on the prison door. In a few minutes it yielded, and the prisoners poured forth, each man being handed arms as he appeared.

Meanwhile the hundred men of the guard who were sleeping were aroused. Those who were engaged were rallied, and an overwhelming force was ready to repel the enemy. Too late. A shrill whistle gave the signal for retreat, and Wilhelm, in command of a rear guard, engaged Kellerman's men, while the advance, in which were the released prisoners, made their way back in the direction of the castle. Shortly before dawn all passed over the drawbridge in no haste, for the count, having lost his prisoners, had withdrawn his men.

The courtyard was ablaze with torches; all the inmates were present to welcome their returned victorious comrades and the rescued prisoners. The old pile rang with acclamations. The baron, with Bertha, stepped forth to thank the minstrel, and, after doing so, the baron said:

"What can I bestow upon you for this great service?"

"Nothing, except what I came for. I am Wilhelm Ballenstein, the son and heir of Baron Ballenstein, whose castle stands near the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle. Hearing of the Lady Bertha, I came in the guise of a minstrel to satisfy myself as to the truth of reports of her beauty and good qualities before asking to be honored with her hand. I am more than satisfied and beg to be entered on the list of her many suitors."

The victory was followed by a wedding, and in time the groom drove Count Kellerman out of the country.

NEW BANKING LAW

Federal Reserve System Opened for Business on Monday.

After months of work on the part of the federal reserve board and preparation by the banks which will be members of the new system, the twelve federal reserve banks opened their doors on Monday to business. Their entrance into the field of rediscount marks the first great change in the banking system of this country in the last fifty years, since the national bank was conceived and called into being after the Civil war.

The twelve banks, designed to take care of the commercial needs of the entire nation, are located in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, Atlanta, Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas and San Francisco.

For the present the operations of the banks will be limited largely to the rediscounting of notes, drafts and bills of exchange, but as experience is gained, steps to have them exercise their other functions under the currency act, will be taken.

Officials at Washington will watch the progress of the system with the utmost interest. It starts on its mission with 7,571 member banks. Their authorized capital is put at $106 795,600, of which one-sixth has been called and is in their vaults. The exact figure for the cash reserves in all twelve banks has not been accurately computed, but the estimate puts the amount at close to $250,000,000 drawn under the law from the present reserve agents of member banks.

The new system is generally conceded to be a compromise between a central bank and the present system with its thousands of units, scattered reserves and fixed limits of currency. Its chief attraction and value, those who interpret it find, is the elasticity it will give to recognized paper currency. Under the present law national bank currency is almost a fixed quantity based upon national bank capital, issued upon United States bonds and unresponsive to the chill of hard times or the exultation of boom days. Its use led, the experts say to unrestricted loans and speculation, in the days when money was easy and to a hoarding of resources and a tightening of the purse strings to credit when they were hard. It is said to have bred the panic of 1907 when solvent banks with large credits in reserve, and central reserve cities, were helpless and could get back to their own counters none of the millions they had placed with their larger and stronger correspondents.

Under the new system the federal reserve notes which, in time probably will entirely replace the national bank notes, now so familiar, will be issued upon commercial paper arising out of actual business transactions. It seems plain that they will rise and fall in amount as the tides of business rise and fall, and that there will be no plethora of money to lie idle.

They will be obligations of the United States government, which national bank notes are not, and will have back of them a large reserve of gold in the regional banks. Through them the reserve banks are expected to come to the aid of any needy member bank which has plenty of good paper but needs cash. To further insure the flow of money, reserve banks themselves may be required to rediscount the discounted paper of other reserve banks.

More than $250,000,000 of the new notes have been ordered by the Comptroller of the Currency for the twelve banks. They are in $4, $10, $20, $50 and $100 denominations, and are to be accepted by all member banks and for all customs taxes for other dues. The federal reserve agent of every bank in the system, who is the government representative there, has these notes in custody ready for the application of member banks.

STRAIGHT-FORWARD TESTIMONY

Many Bellefonte Citizens Have Profited By It.

If you have backache, urinary troubles, days of dizziness, headaches or nervousness, strike at the seat of the trouble: These are often the symptoms of weak kidneys and there is grave danger in delay. Doan's Kidney Pills are especially prepared for kidney ailments—are endorsed by over 30,000 people. Your neighbors recommend this remedy—have proved its merit in many tests. Bellefonte should take fresh courage in the straightforward testimony of a Bellefonte citizen.

"I was troubled by backache in a severe form; says Mrs. S. S. Leitzell, of 118 E. Beaver St., Bellefonte. I was nervous and run down and dizzy spells were common. The kidney secretions caused me annoyance. Doan's Kidney Pills fixed me up right good and whenever I have felt a return of the trouble, I at once get a box at Parrish's Drug Store and they prevent the attack from becoming serious. Doan's Kidney Pills are worthy of praise."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Leitzell had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Teach Housewives Economy.

Practical illustrations in reducing the cost of living are to be given farmers' wives at the Pennsylvania State College in connection with the Winter Course in Agriculture. For several years farmers from all over the State have come here to learn the newest wrinkles in scientific agriculture, and this year their wives are offered equal chances to improve their methods of doing daily tasks.

Miss Pearl MacDonald, who came from Wisconsin to help the wives of Pennsylvania farmers solve the increasingly difficult problems of household administration, will conduct the new work. She will tell the women studying Home Economics about the compositions of various foods, the purposes they serve in the body, food values, the principles of cooking, proper food combinations and food substitutes. Miss MacDonald said since every housekeeper must consider the food problem three times each day, every day in the year, because of the steady advance in food prices, a reliable knowledge of food materials is becoming indispensable for the woman in the home who desires to purchase those materials wisely and to nourish her household properly.

A course will also be given in Home Nursing and Emergencies. It will include a discussion of the nature of diseases and their causes, and of simple practical methods to be followed in the home-care of the sick.

Loan Societies Not Taxed.

Pennsylvania building and loan associations which do business on the principle of loaning money only to members will not be subject to the federal war tax in the opinion of State Banking Commissioner W. H. Smith. Mr. Smith said this morning when told of the decision at Washington that building and loan associations would be subject that he did not think that it would apply to those which follow the Pennsylvania plan, which consists of restricting loans to members paying regular dues. In the Spanish war such associations were exempted from the war tax.

At the end of 1913 there were 1,735 building and loan associations in the State and they had approximately $205,000,000 loaned.

To Enjoy the Popular Dances.

The feet must be free from pain. Many women and men realize the comfort to be enjoyed by using Allen's Foot Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes before the dance. Since dancing has become so popular, Allen's Foot-Ease is in demand everywhere because it rests the feet and makes dancing a delight. For Free sample, Address

The Temptation to Buy

needlessly will be greatly reduced if you have to draw a check every time you make a purchase. Don't keep your cash in your pocket where it is likely to burn a hole. Open an account with this institution. Experience proves that a man thinks twice before he spends once when he has an account at this institution.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street — Bellefonte, Pa

Thornedale

Or an Inglorious Flight

By EDITH V. ROSS

A young man fashionably dressed alighted from a train at a station in the country and called an auto cab.

"Drive me to the Thorndale House," he said, "but first"—handing the driver a baggage check—"get my trunk."

The gentleman seated himself in the cab while the cabman went for the trunk. The latter was new to the place and, not knowing any such hotel as the Thorndale House, made inquiries of the station agent.

"He must mean Thornedale, the residence of Mr. Edward Thorne. It is up the road about a mile. You'll know it when you come to it, for it is a fine place between the road and the river."

The cabman lugged the trunk to the auto, deposited it therein, then started for Thornedale. On reaching it he pulled up under a porte-cochere, near which on the veranda sat a young lady reading a novel. The gentleman stepped out of the auto. The cabman dumped the trunk on the veranda and drove away. The stranger walked past the young lady through the open front door into the house. Seeing no such place as a hotel office or any one to receive him, he went back on to the veranda, raised his hat deferentially to the young lady and said:

"Beg pardon. Can you tell me where I'll find the landlord."

"The landlord?"

"Yes, or the clerk or anybody to receive me. This is the Thorndale hotel, is it not?"

"The Thornedale? Oh, yes, this is Thornedale."

"I was recommended to come here by a lady. She is here, is she not—Mrs. Overaker?"

"Mrs. Overaker is expected. She has not yet arrived. You are"—

"Mr. Wingate—John Wingate."

"Oh, Mr. Wingate. I've heard Mrs. Overaker speak of you. Be seated, Mr. Wingate. There's no one about just now but myself. I'll get some one to show you to your room and take up your trunk."

"Please don't incommode yourself. I am in no hurry."

The young lady, who had half risen, reseated herself.

"Quite likely," said the young man, fishing for the young lady's name, "I have heard of you through Mrs. Overaker."

"I am Luella Humphrey."

"Humphrey," meditatively. "I don't know that I have heard her mention any one of that name."

"Have you known Mrs. Overaker long?"

"Only a few months. She came east last spring and visited some friends of mine—the Grosvenors."

"I was quite surprised to hear that Mrs. Overaker was coming back this season. It's a long journey for her to take."

"It's an equally long journey from here to her home."

An imperceptible smile flitted across the young lady's lips. She knew why Mr. Wingate was there and why Mrs. Overaker was coming there. The former was a bachelor, the latter a widow. A courtship between them had been made easy by the lady, and an engagement was to be expected. But since it was difficult for Mr. Wingate to go to the widow, the widow had made an excuse to go to Mr. Wingate. She had written him that she would be at Thornedale early in October. The lady wrote an illegible hand, and Mr. Wingate read "the Thorndale." Supposing the place to be a hotel, he had gone there to make her a proposal.

Mr. Wingate was a good catch. The widow was ten years older than he and had set her cap for him. Miss Humphrey was a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Thorne and of an age when young ladies are usually on the lookout for husbands. Here was an opportunity—an opportunity that had been enhanced by the widow's bad handwriting in another way than in leading Mr. Wingate to think she was to stay at a hotel. She had written him and the Thornes as well that she would arrive on the 10th of October. He had read it the 1st. Miss Humphrey, if she played her cards well, might have ten days to get a matrimonial hook into Mr. Wingate's mouth.

After Mr. Wingate's remark that it was an equally long journey to the widow's home Miss Humphrey sat listening to what he said further, but intent on what immediate action she would take. Presently she excused herself, and a maid came and showed Mr. Wingate to his room. His trunk followed later. While he was making his toilet an automobile pulled up under the porte-cochere and a gentleman and lady alighted. They were Mr. and Mrs. Thorne. Miss Humphrey told them of the guest who had arrived and the mistake he had made, suggesting that it would be amusing to permit him to continue to be deceived. Thorne, who was ready for anything whereby to make his stay in the country endurable, fell in with the plan enthusiastically.

When the guest came down just before luncheon he was received by Mr. Thorne, who said to him cheerily:

"Sorry not to have been here to receive you, sir. Fact is, we have room for very few guests at any time, and now those who have been here are all returned to the city. So I don't trouble myself to stay about the place much. My niece tells me that she took care of you. Do you like your room?"

"Very much."

"Well, come in to luncheon. Since our guests are all gone it would be lonely for you to eat alone, so we will take you in with us."

"That's very kind of you."

The party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Miss Humphrey and Mr. Wingate, sat down to table in a dining room handsomely furnished and partook of a luncheon which the guest pronounced equal to any he had ever eaten in a private house. What puzzled him was that both the landlord and landlady seemed to be to the manner born, while their niece was evidently every inch a lady. True, the landlord talked a great deal about the fine season they had had and the money they had made out of their guests. This seemed to be mortifying to his wife and niece, for during these boasts they both concealed their features behind their napkins. When they had finished the meal and were rising from the table Mrs. Thorne said to her niece:

"Luella, I think you had better take Mr. Wingate out for an auto ride this afternoon. This is a dull place, Mr. Wingate, but we'll do the best we can to keep you from being lonely."

"I shall consider myself under deep obligations," replied the guest.

When an hour later a runabout was brought to the porte-cochere Miss Humphrey took the wheel, and she and Mr. Wingate sped away merrily. They returned only in time to dress for dinner.

"Please charge up all the extras," he said to the landlord privately, "the auto and any wine I order, and I'll pay when I settle my bill."

"You'll find everything charged," said Thorne, "even the cigars."

Mr. Wingate was so delightfully entertained that he didn't fret about the delay in the widow's coming. He played tennis with Miss Humphrey in the morning and rode in the auto with her in the afternoon. In the evening the four occupants of the house played cards, and the days sped by merrily. One day Miss Humphrey said to her companion:

"When do you expect Mrs. Overaker?"

"Mrs. Overaker? Why, I expected her on the 1st of the month. What's this—the 3d?"

"This is the 9th."

"You don't mean it. I wonder what is delaying her."

"Delaying her? You don't expect her at all now, do you?"

Mr. Wingate hoped in his heart that she would not come, but he said that something might have occurred to change her plans. That evening it was evident to all except Mr. Wingate that something of importance was at hand. A delicious dinner was served. Miss Humphrey was clad in a costume that the guest pronounced a "blue dream of heaven." After dinner the landlord and landlady excused themselves and left the place, leaving Mr. Wingate and their niece in the drawing room. A perfume of flowers came in from the conservatory adjoining. Mr. Wingate forgot all about the widow, and—well, when Mr. and Mrs. Thorne returned he was engaged to Miss Humphrey.

A supper was set in the dining room, to which the four persons adjourned. Mrs. Thorne and her niece hung back for a few whispered words. Then there was the popping of a champagne cork, and Mrs. Thorne, holding her glass high, proposed the health of the newly engaged couple. Mr. Thorne kissed his niece and, slapping his guest on the back, said vociferously:

"This is no hotel. This is the residence of your humble servant, Edward Thorne, banker. But you've been welcome, my boy, and we give you our little Lu gladly. We've heard lots about you from Mrs. Overaker, and all to your credit."

The expression on Wingate's face was a mingling of surprise, shame and happiness.

"When do you expect Mrs. Overaker?" he asked.

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"I regret that my limit of time to be absent has expired and I shall not have the pleasure of meeting her after all. I must go back to the city in the morning."

"So soon?" exclaimed the host and hostess in a breath.

"Don't detain a man from his business," said Luella. "I think Mr. Wingate is perfectly excusable in going, and if I don't complain no one should."

"We'll all go," said the host.

The next morning an automobile containing Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Miss Humphrey and Mr. Wingate pulled out from under the porte-cochere destined for the city, Mr. Thorne at the wheel. They had been gone only a few minutes when a train passed on the railway track beside them.

"Supposing," said Mr. Thorne, "that Mrs. Overaker should be ahead of time and on that train."

Mr. Wingate shuddered.

"Such a thing is possible," said Mrs. Thorne. "If Mrs. Overaker is on the train we shall meet her coming from the station."

Mr. Wingate shuddered again.

"It will be embarrassing for me," continued the speaker, "since I agreed to keep her during her stay here."

"I'll turn off by this road," said Mr. Thorne.

He did turn off, and Mr. Wingate breathed a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Overaker did arrive by that train, and when she reached Thornedale she found it deserted. Mrs. Thorne made an excuse to the widow such as ladies of breeding know how to manufacture. Mr. Wingate needed no excuse. How could he meet the widow at the Thornes' when the Thornes were not at home?

LAW OF GRAVITY VIOLATED.

Conditions Under Which Water Actually Flows Upward.

There are conditions under which water actually flows upward and rises above its source. If a glass tube be dipped into water the column inside will be above the level of the surrounding surface. Moreover, if a tube of half the diameter be substituted the column doubles its height. The water creeps along the inside of the tube, owing to the adhesion, and forms a cup shaped depression at the top.

An explanation is not difficult. It can be proved mathematically that if the diameter of a circle be diminished one-half the circumference is also reduced to that extent, while the area is one-fourth of its former value. The circumference of the column of water being reduced one-half, its contact with the glass, and hence the adhesive force, is also diminished to that extent, while the cross section, and hence the weight, is decreased to a fourth of what it was before. Therefore the second column can be twice the height of the first without exceeding the lifting power.

Remarkable as the underlying principles of this phenomenon undoubtedly are, nature made use of them long before man made their discovery. Every tree and flower adds its testimony. The core of a tree or plant, instead of being a single open channel, consists of a spongelike substance containing many miniature tunnels through which the sap and moisture collected by the roots flow upward in small rivulets, rising higher and higher in sheer defiance of the great law of gravity.—St. Louis Republic.

SEA MINES IN WARFARE.

The Result When a Vessel Strikes One of These Deadly Engines.

To merchantmen, to the smaller and older warships—to everything that floats except the very highest and more recent products of the shipbuilder's art—the mine presents the danger of complete and almost instant annihilation. The rigidity of the ship is in itself an element of danger, for the water surrounding it is incompressible.

If the skin and frame could give way without rupture and permit the enormously expanding gases (2,000 times the volume of the solid explosive) to transmit their energy in such a way as simply to push the ship aside and thus find a way to the surface, the damage might be slight.

But this cannot be. There is no such elasticity available. And the expansion is so nearly instantaneous that pushing the ship aside is physically impossible. Therefore the structure must break, releasing the gases first into the interior and then by lines of least resistance finally up into the air.

This action is completely instantaneous. It blows off hatch covers and deck plates, twists massive steel members into unrecognizable shapes, spreads havoc broadcast. It transmutes a proud ship into a sinking mass of wreckage—a happy passenger saloon into a shambles—carries mourning into a hundred homes. Such is the effect of mines.—Sidney Graves Koon in Leslie's.

Hard to Kill.

A distinguished entomologist writes: "When I was still new to collecting, in the south of France I discovered one day, to my great joy, a large female of Saturnia pyri hidden away in some bushes. The specimen was the first I had ever caught, and I decided, on account of its large body, to stuff it (a quite unnecessary operation; I have kept dozens since unstuffed). The moth was first apparently killed by being forced into a cyanide bottle, where it was left about an hour. The abdomen was then emptied and the cavity filled with cotton wool soaked in a saturated solution of mercuric chloride. The insect, pinned and set, was discovered next day attempting to fly away from the setting board."

Her Alimony Explained.

Miss Curley kept a private school and one morning was interviewing a new pupil.

"What does your father do to earn his living?" the teacher asked the little girl.

"Please, ma'am," was the prompt reply, "he doesn't live with us. My mother supports me."

"Well, then," asked the teacher, "how does your mother earn her living?"

"Why," replied the little girl in an artless manner, "she gets paid for staying away from father."—London Standard.

Literary Note.

"I must confess that I don't understand Henry James. His style is so involved."

"I'll tell you how to go about reading him. First run over a life insurance policy. After that Henry James will seem lucid and clear."—Pittsburgh Post.

A Veteran.

The chef was interviewing the young man who had applied for work.

"Have you had any experience in the lunch business?" he asked.

"Why, I should say so," replied the energetic youth. "I've been lunching for almost twenty years."—Lippincott's.

Safety First.

Prospective Father-in-law — You've got some nerve to ask me for an advance payment of the dowry. I think you are a fortune hunter. The Count—Oh, no, monsieur; I am only what you Americans call ze "safety first" crank.—Puck.

A good conscience is to the mind what health is to the body.—Addison.

The Seal's Ventilator.

Not many people know how the seal of the far north gets air when the Arctic ocean is entirely covered with many feet of ice.

The small spotted seal, which is a hair seal and not a fur bearer, is the hardy dweller of the northern waters. Under his tough, thick skin he has an inch or more of blubber. When the ice closes up the open water in the Arctic the seal selects a spot and begins to drill a hole to the surface by pressing his warm nose against the ice. Nobody knows how many hours it takes him to accomplish his task, but he manages it, and, although he is obliged to work most of the time because the surface of the hole is continually freezing, he keeps it open all winter and obtains air. Seals have been known to drill in this manner through fifty feet of solid ice. Whether or not they take turns in the slow drilling is not positively known. It is at these "seal holes" that the polar bear seeks food in the winter and there the Eskimo waits, spear in hand, for his weekly supply of meat.—Youth's Companion.

Coats the Monkeys Wear.

Have you ever wondered why nearly all the monkeys which accompany the foreign organ boys should be dressed in a red coat, with a sort of jockey cap?

The explanation is very simple. This costume is no fancy one, but is an almost exact copy of the winter dress worn by the organ boys' fathers in the distant valley of Piedmont, where the peasants usually wear a red coat, rudely cut, with very stiff little tails, and knickerbockers and jockey cap of the same color.

These clothes are spun and woven by the peasants and dyed red with the madder which grows in the valleys. The long roots are boiled, then mixed with alum and tartar, and the result is a red dye, which, though not very bright, does not fade. The monkeys' coats are made of the bits which are left over when the peasant's coat is cut out.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Gallows Work.

A curious note in "Pepys' Diary" refers to the unpopularity of hangmen in those days. Commissioner Pett, who had traveled, told Pepys "how despicable a a thing it is to be hangman in Poland, although it is a place of credit, and that in his time there were some repairs to be made of the gallows there, which was very fine, of stone, but nobody could be got to mend it till the burgomaster or mayor of the town, with all the companies of those trades which are necessary to be used about those repairs, did go in their habits with flags in soleman procession to the place, and there the burgomaster did give the first blow with the hammer upon the wooden work and the rest of the masters of the companies upon the works belonging to their trades that so workmen might not be ashamed to be employed upon doing of the gallows work."

"Sleeping" Bullets.

The distance which a bullet travels is divided into three parts. The first distance the bullet travels in a wabbly manner, either up and down or sidewise; the middle distance it "sleeps" or moves on an exact plane, and the third distance, being partly spent, it wobbles in a serpentine movement again. When the bullet "sleeps" it cuts a clean hole through the part of the body hit, but when it is on the first or final distance it tears a jagged hole and moves either up or down and is likely to remain in the body. When the battle range is regulated in such a manner that the line of soldiers is exposed to the range of the "sleeping" bullets there is less work for the ambulance corps.—Chicago Tribune.

In Honor of Minerva.

The most notable festival at Athens was in honor of Minerva. All classes of citizens on this particular day marched in procession. The oldest went first, then the young men, then the children, the young women, the matrons and the people of the lower orders. The most prominent object in the parade was a ship propelled by hidden machinery and bearing at its masthead the sacred banner of the goddess.

Opposite Reasons.

"Papa, why does the pretty lady frown?"

"Because, my son, the men watch her when she goes down the street."

"Then, papa, why does the homely lady frown?"

"Because they don't." — Cleveland Plain Daler.

Cats and Rain.

The fur of the cat is full of electricity, and before a thunderstorm it will be noticed that a cat is always extremely lively and playful, probably on account of its electrical condition. Before rain is expected a cat will assiduously wash its face.

Camomile Tea.

Into a quart of boiling water place one ounce of camomile flowers and simmer for fifteen minutes, afterward straining. This makes an excellent emetic when taken warm and is a good tonic when taken cold. The dose is a wineglassful.

A Woman's Secret.

Biggs—There goes a woman with a past. Boggs—Yes, and there are about twenty years more of it than she is willing to own up to.—New York Journal.

To shape the whole future is not our problem, but only to shape faithfully a small part of it.—Thomas Carlyle.

Si, the Siwash,

In a Wreck on Puget Sound

By JOHN H. WALSH

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Si is lying on my bunk, wrapped in my Grand Army coat. His name really ain't Si; it's Tom. But I call him Si, which is short for Siwash—a Siwash being a Puget sound Indian.

Si is a Siwash all right, and, though he's only four years old and he's a half breed, he looks like old Chief Seattle. And he treats me as an equal—and he gets away with it, too—though I'm sixty-nine. That shows character.

And Si's had experience!

Take just this collision experience. That won't come to anybody else for ten thousand years, and here Si has had it before he's four.

Why, I have had enough adventures myself, for I've been ship keeper on the U. S. S. Stalwart here at the Sierra navy yard for fifteen and three-quarter years. But Si has me sewed up for plenty on adventure, though I could tell yarns of my own.

But first I'm setting it down about Si, his ma and the collision of the Humahuma and the Stalwart. I'll tell about myself when I've got leisure.

However, I do want to say in passing, while I think of it, that ship keeping is the most exacting work there is. You have to know the name of your ship, and to remember what day is pay day, and when to come off watch, and when to go on, and I tell you it takes brains to keep all those things straight in your mind.

Then once in a year they complicate things by putting your ship in a dry dock or by changing her anchorage a little, and you have to change your habits, which is hard. And it's because it is such exacting work as I've described that they always keep responsible men like us old soldiers on such jobs.

Of course it's a strain, and I suppose I could not have held the job so long if I didn't have iron nerves.

You see, I know myself that I have iron nerves, because General Thomas told me so when he saw me eating hardtack in a trench during the Chickamauga skirmish. And I've needed my iron nerves in ship keeping, but a lot of people don't understand why.

For example, there is a gentleman in Sierraton who digs clams with a shovel and peddles them with a wheelbarrow, and he said once he thought he'd try ship keeping for a rest.

I laughed at him, and then I warned him he couldn't stand it, which was true too. However, I'm writing about Si, and I'll write about digging clams when I have time for it, for I'm as good a clam digger as there is on Puget sound, which is saying a lot, for all the smartest men out here were digging clams twenty years ago.

Si's ma used to have an awfully hard time making a living, and from time to time I've helped her a little at it, for I've had $2.20 per day right along, and I'm a bachelor and don't need all that money for myself.

So yesterday, which was pay day, I gave her $5, and I said, "Take Si to Seattle and see the sights." And she did it.

At least she put on her pink waist and her green shawl, and she hauled Si down to the boat by one arm, his feet dragging all the way.

After that I loafed around until evening, when I went to the Stalwart and relieved old man Keller.

After he'd left the ship I walked around and inspected things, as I always do, and I decided, as I've decided every day for ten years, that the Stalwart is still a mighty fine ship.

Pretty soon I moved around a little, and when I got aft and was looking over the rail under the stern light I could see young smelts in the still, oily water, and they looked like shreds cut out with a knife from a silver bar. And, oh, how solemn and still it was!

You could hear a gasoline boat two miles away thumping, missing strokes, stopping and then thumping again, and you could hear oarlocks squeaking their course across the bay.

At first it was clear overhead, and I could see the stars and the lights at the navy yard, and I could hear the sentries hail people in loud, important voices. And then the lights faded and blinked out, one by one, and I knew fog was shutting in on us. And the sounds seemed sort of muffled by the fog.

I went forward then to the ship's bell under the bridge, and once a minute by watch I'd ring rapidly, and presently Bill Paterson on the Boston would ring, and afterward we'd hear Bixby on the Concord.

Well, I kept on ringing the bell. At first there weren't any steamer whistles sounding, but after a time I commenced to hear a dull, thrilling ooo-h, oo-h, from far away down the Narrows.

I knew at once that this was the late boat from the city, the Humahuma, and that she was navigating by echoes, as they always do in fogs on this sound.

And then I got a feeling that Si and his ma would be on the boat, so I rang the bell faster and faster, for I didn't want the Humahuma to go colliding with the Stalwart and smashing Si and me up.

But the Humahuma's whistle got louder and louder until it sounded almost on top of us.

I was frantically disturbed, for I wasn't used to having ships come so close, and I rang the bell as though I were being paid a dollar a stroke—but no effect!

It got so I could hear the engines thump, thump, and hear the water turn off from the cutwater with a continuous, moist, rustling sound.

Then suddenly the whole Humahuma leaped out of the fog, coming straight at me, every light burning, coming full speed, right on top of me!

I stopped ringing and jumped to the rail, and during two seconds I swore and roared and pulled my beard, and then she hit us right amidships, and the shock sprawled me on the deck on my back and knocked the wind out of me.

The Humahuma had hit the Stalwart square, and she had cut us half in two. But she backed out so quickly that before I could get to my feet she was driving both engines astern, and she was already clear of us.

Just a moment later she disappeared in the fog, but I saw, nevertheless, that her bow was stove in and ruptured and that on deck there was a barndoor of a woman's figure which had in its arms a child.

I felt sure from their shapes that the woman and child would be Mrs. Siddons and Si.

Would the Humahuma sink?

I was sure she would, from what I had seen. And then I noticed that my own ship, the old Stalwart, was sinking too. What to do?

I ran to the splintered hole, and I heard the water whistling as it rushed in, like wind in the treetops, only in sharper notes.

What to do?

I jumped and rang the alarm call on the bell, and the ships ahead passed it along. I rang it again and again, and then a frail skiff with a half grown boy in it appeared alongside out of the fog.

"I'll take you off, uncle!" said the boy.

I told him not to be familiar, that I wasn't his uncle at all and that as for going off with him in his skiff I couldn't.

"I'm sort of captain," said I, "and I can't leave. You know yourself a ship keeper can't go without being relieved; his job is to stay with his ship. But I'm much obliged to you, and I'd appreciate it more yet if you'd run down to the Humahuma and pick up some friends of mine."

The boy hollered, "Aw, come on, you nutty old devil; she's sinkin'!"

But I said, "No; I'm staying, though I'd like well to see how Si and his ma are getting along, and I wish you'd go down for me and see."

But just then another skiff came out of the silvery fog, and it carried the long old admiral himself, going in a wherry, with two bluejackets h'isting him along.

"Oars!" he cried, abreast the gangway, and then he called to me: "Why don't you get off the ship? She's sinking."

I saluted him just as I'd saluted Thomas at Chickamauga and says:

"Can't till I'm relieved."

And do you know he seemed to get real mad. He says:

"You're relieved now. Haven't you got any sense in your head? Get out of that into the skiff! Give way, lads!"

"All right, sir," says I. "If she's orders she goes, and I'm much obliged to you."

And I jumped into the skiff with the boy, and we followed the admiral's boat through the fog toward where we could hear muffled shouts and cries.

The Humahuma sank before we arrived, and we were soon in the midst of floating buckets, boards and articles of clothing. But there were a good many shore boats already there, and the survivors were all picked up so far as could be seen.

So we started looking in the various boats for Si and his ma, but we couldn't find them, though we rowed around and around and around.

Finally the other boats commenced to go in shore, one by one, but we kept on rowing until no one was there except the pale faced boy and me.

We'd row a few strokes, then stop to listen and see if the heavy, leaden, foggy silence wouldn't be broken.

Finally the silence was broken. A faint moaning noise came from out in the white fog some place.

We pulled for it; then we paused and listened, hoping to hear it again.

When we did hear it again I climbed to the bow, and we pulled and paused and pulled and paused.

Sometimes it seemed far off, sometimes close. But presently I saw a shadow on the water.

"Way 'nuff!" I cried. "Give me an oar. I'll paddle."

And so I came to the shadow, gently and carefully, and it was Si and his ma that had made the shadow. Si was all right.

He was wrapped in a life preserver, and he was unharmed, except that his back was wet and that he was hungry and sleepy. But his ma lay face downward, dead—drowned in some mysterious fashion by the very buoyancy of the life preserver she wore.

I called loudly, and some boats came out and helped me with Mrs. Siddons' body. But I took Si myself.

I wrapped him up in my new Grand Army coat, and I took him straight home, and, though some women came in, I fixed for his comfort myself.

I gave him some milk and a teaspoonful of brandy, and then I wrapped him in my army coat again, and he went to sleep chewing his knuckle, which shows that he was perfectly satisfied.

And I hereby state that Si's title to that Grand Army coat is good. I'm taking care of Si, and I guess iron nerve will help in that just as it does in everything else.

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NEEDS CORRECTION.

That there is something radically wrong in the non-partisan ballot law for the election of higher Court judges was made only too apparent at the recent election. In the State-at-large there were 360,000 persons who voted for United States Senator and Governor who unconsciously, or otherwise, neglected to vote for candidates for the Supreme and Superior Courts. Right here in Centre County we had an illustration of this oversight or neglect. The total vote for United States Senator was 7676, and that for Governor was 7664, whereas the total vote in the non-partisan column for Supreme Court candidates was 4796, and that for Superior Court was 4694. In other words 2880 persons in Centre County voted for United States Senator but did not vote for candidates for the Supreme Court, and 2982 did not take the trouble to vote for candidates for the Superior Court.

Just what may be the best plan for remedying a palpable weakness in the non-partisan theory of voting is the subject of no little interesting discussion at the present time. Possibly the difficulty might be overcome by having two separate and distinct ballots to be handed to each voter as he enters the booth. A separate ballot for judgeship candidates would in a measure serve to remind the voter of the fact that such candidates were to be voted for. The present plan of having the non-partisan column appear on the regular ballot has a two-sided weakness, or drawback, as we view it. We have observed how the non-partisan column is in danger of being overlooked, or neglected, when Supreme or Superior Court judgeships are involved. This is because the average voter is little concerned about judgeships of the higher courts. He knows next to nothing about the merit of the aspirants and probably cares less.

The additional weakness in the present law would seem to us to lie in the bearing it is likely to have in campaigns of a more local character. The forthcoming judgeship contest in Centre County may be taken by way of illustration. All indications are that it will be a "hum dinger", to use a homely phrase of the day. Public interest may be so centered on the judgeship fight that some voters may neglect to vote for candidates for county offices. In any county so evenly divided politically as is Centre, failure of even a small number to vote for other than those candidates in the non-partisan column may prove to be a deciding factor.

It is undeniably true that some persons who neglected to vote for judgeship candidates at the recent election did so because of a lack of knowledge as to the qualifications of the respective aspirants. For the most part, they knew absolutely nothing about them. In a broad sense, this and other newspapers would at first glance seem to be to blame for this. It is the duty of the newspaper to accurately furnish information. Yet comparatively few newspapers know any more about the average candidates for judge when they happen to live hundreds of miles distant than does the average voter. It becomes a matter of doubtful propriety for a newspaper to advocate the election of one candidate for judge as against another when little or nothing is known regarding either. The average candidate could not afford financially to tell about himself at very great length in all the newspapers over the State, nor would it be reasonable to ask these newspapers to assume the expense of a campaign of education that to be fair and equitable would necessarily embrace all candidates. Just how the matter may be handled in a way that is fair to both public and candidates is yet to be figured out.

The non-partisan feature of voting is good in theory and may work out all right in local affairs, but in State campaigns it is more beautiful in theory than in practice. The coming Legislature should give the matter earnest and serious consideration, for it stands to reason that there is something radically lacking in a system whose candidates poll but slightly more than one-half the total vote cast in a county like Centre. And the experience of the non partisan system here was no different from that obtaining throughout the State.

CRATER LAKES.

Easter Island Has a Wonderful One, and So Has Java.

Wonderful lakes are often found inside the craters of volcanoes. One of these can be seen upon Easter island—the island which bears wonderful remains of an unknown ancient people. Inside a crater is a lake, near the borders of which lie several unfinished crowns composed of tufa, evidently destined for the huge figures on the shores of the island, but never completed. And on this lake float many waterfowl, one of which is said to be a goose unknown to science.

Another curious crater lake existed until recently within the icebound crater of a volcano in New Zealand. The water was heated to boiling point, but a short time ago an eruption of more than common violence tossed the whole lake into the air.

A most interesting crater lake can still be seen in Java in the volcano of Papandajan, and it is possible to enter the crater and gaze down on the scene below. Standing on the rim, one can see the vast seething mass of boiling mud. Every now and then a wave of mud moves heavily along the sides of the chasm, only to fall back into the molten mass, and here and there columns of sulphur thrown out of the lake of mud are gradually forming walls. It is indeed pleasant to escape from this dismal inclosure to breathe the free air once more.

ISOLATED ISLANDS.

Lonely Tristan da Cunha Gets Outside News Once In Two Years.

Though scientific progress has made it possible to do a double journey between England and America in a fortnight, there remain many islands with which it takes years to communicate.

Off the Scottish coast are the groups of islands known as the Hebrides, Orkneys and Shetlands. Of these the most isolated island is St. Kilda, some three miles long and two miles broad. The inhabitants lead lives of great loneliness, for it takes a month to get to the next island, and the sea often makes any communication with St. Kilda impossible for months.

The group of eight Phoenix islands in the Pacific has a total population of only 158, while another little bit of the British empire is Fanning island. This is a landing place for the Pacific submarine cable, and usually there are about 100 people in the place.

The loneliest of all parts of British territory is the island of Tristan da Cunha, in the south Atlantic, which is also the smallest inhabited island in the empire. It is 1,800 miles from land, has a population of seventy-four Scottish Americans, and the inhabitants get news of the outer world usually once every two years.—London Stray Stories.

Recognized.

A Pennsylvania lawyer known throughout the state for his sharpness once met his match in a very unexpected quarter.

An old woman was being cross examined by him as to how the testator had looked when he made a remark to her about some relatives.

"I don't remember. He's been dead three years," she answered testily.

"Do you mean to tell me that your memory is so bad that you cannot go back three years?" demanded the attorney.

The witness was silent.

"Did he look anything like me?" the lawyer finally ventured.

"Seems to me he did have the same sort of vacant look," responded the old lady.—New Orleans Picayune.

To Make Business a Science.

The science of selling offers a great field for study for the department of commerce and for the many business schools which are springing up in our colleges. Commerce is not mere money getting; it is a science, as banking and law and medicine are sciences. It should be studied as such, for with such study comes not only greater efficiency, but a higher standard of ethics as well. There is no more pressing public service to be done than the discovery of the best ways of reducing the cost of distribution and of elevating business to the standards of a profession.—World's Work.

Thoughtfulness.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "would you mind letting me have some mustard or some horseradish?"

"What for? I haven't given you anything to eat."

"No one knows it better'n me. But I'm a member of the S. P. C. A. an' harbor no grudge. That dog of yours has jes' bit a piece out o' my leg an' I want to give him some seasoning."—Washington Star.

One Way to Get It.

"I have come to your town to get some atmosphere in my new story."

"Well, if you go right down the street and turn to the right, then keep on to the first engine house on your way, they'll probably lend you their pulmotor."—Baltimore American.

Pleasant Outlook.

"Well, dearest, I'll speak to your father tomorrow. You might put him in a good temper for me."

"Yes, I'll be so beastly obstinate that he'll be positively grateful to you for taking me off his hands."—London Opinion.

News and Views of Women.

By Julia Catherine Gray.

A Moral Victory

While the "antis" are—as the editor would say—"chortling with glee" over what they call losses in the recent election, the suffragists are congratulating themselves on having won two out of the seven campaign states. In three of the latter, the affirmative vote showed a marked gain over the last submission of the question, and one of the seven put the matter to popular vote for the first time this year.

Although the "antis" are such steady losers, they are not good losers. The following brief sketch from "The Woman's Journal" shows what a real, all-round victory the last election was for suffrage, and it also shows that the dark forces are gradually being put to rout. Every uplift organization is coming to the rescue.

In every State, the suffragists made a clean, straightforward, honorable campaign. They were opposed with every crooked weapon that money could buy or unscrupulous politics devise. Space was purchased in the most widely-circulated newspapers, and was filled for months with all manner of audacious falsehoods. Some of these were positively monstrous. In Nevada, the vice interests sent out "runners" to the most remote mining villages in the State to work against equal rights for women; and like tactics were employed in all the other States.

Suffrage had the support of the farmers' organizations, the women's clubs, the teachers' associations, the labor unions, the Christian Endeavor Societies, and many of the churches. It was fought not only by all the vicious interests, but by all the reactionary interests as well—the great predatory corporations, the machine politicians, the white slave traffickers, all those who thrive by corruption and seek to maintain corrupt conditions. It was a moral victory to have them line up against the women, and to have them driven to fight equal suffrage by the use of unlimited falsehoods, because the truth would not serve.

The Decorative Sense

Last summer I stood with a friend watching a summer school pageant. Eleven hundred women teachers were in the throng. As we scanned them, my friend remarked, "I do hope women will not lose their decorative sense; men have lost theirs." Further remarks indicated that she considered teachers as a class poor dressers. On closer observation, I comprehended exactly what she meant. It was this: all the motley variety of styles were exhibited there, but with very few exceptions, without any regard to suitability of figure or harmony of tone.

Monsieur Poiret, the French dressmaker, has been revolving the style rack, or whatever one may call it, so rapidly and assiduously in order to extract the coins from the pockets of the universe, that no one has had time to calmly sit down and think it out, although it is one of the elements in the high cost of living,—this frequent change of fashion. But now that Monsieur le Manteau Maker is busy at the front with more serious matters, and the Made in America agitation is before the public, the National Federation of Women's Clubs, and other organizations chiefly interested, will find this the psychological moment to arouse public sentiment in favor of "tasteful dressing." Business and professional women especially require suitable attire for their work, but the department stores are all in the grip of fashion, and extremity of fashion at that.

Men, of course, sacrificed the decorative sense to utility. They found long ago that silken waistcoats, a ruff at the neck, lace at the sleeves, shoe buckles, and a powdered queue tied with ribbon did not go with pioneering and warring. They really have no good excuse, however, for the total loss of this sense. The conventional black dress suit is dull and fatiguing and ungraceful. It only recommendation seems to be economy, for it remains in style as long as it will hold together. The most noticeable thing about certain classes of men is their carelessness. An attempt to remedy the latter is always evident after they have returned from a sojourn in the city. They have a spruced-up appearance, and look exactly as if the last thing they did before leaving was to acquire a shave, a hair-cut, and a shoe-shine, such as only the professional in those arts can impart. I once heard a man say, after his lawn had been mowed by a dull machine, that it looked as if it had been chewed by a superannuated mule with false teeth, and I am always reminded of the remark by a certain style of hair cut, which it would be difficult to describe. Pants that bag at the knee do not impaart grace to the form; spectacles, lapels, and neckties splashed with particles of food, and clothes which have acquired a polish and a collection of spots make the wearer anything but a fascinating spectacle. This equipment is not peculiar to the farmer or the mechanic, for whom there might be a reasonable excuse, nor is it peculiar to the young man or the so-called old bachelor. It seems to belong more to the man who is growing older, and who can least afford to be unpleasing to the eye. Dress may not make the man but it goes a long way toward making the man a desirable thing to look upon.

The Statesman Who Spat

The following is related by Julian Street after his trip to Denver:

"The Denver Club is a central rallying place for the successful business men of the city. It is a splendid club with the best of kitchens, and cellars, and humidors. All over the land I have met men who have been entertained there and who spoke of the place with something like affection.

One night several weeks after we had left Denver, we were at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco, and fell to talking of Denver and her clubs.

"It was in a club in Denver,' one man said, 'that I witnessed the most remarkable thing I saw in Colorado.'

'What was that,' we asked?

'I met a former Governor of the State there one night,' he said. 'We sat around the fire. Every now and then he would spit and hit the very center of a cuspidor which stood fifteen feet away. The remarkable thing about it was that he didn't look more than forty-five years old. I have always wondered how a man of that age could have carried his responsibility as governor, yet have found time to learn to spit so superbly.''

Last May, as I walked through the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, off at one side, but in a very prominent place, I saw a guard in the Nation's uniform, leaning indolently back in a chair, with a huge spittoon at his feet, and evidences of its frequent use around it on the floor. This picture I have seen in many other places in the national and state capitols, and I never cease to wonder at the spectacle.

Several years ago, while crossing a street in Philadelphia, I saw a man eject half a teacupful of liquid of a dark brown color just as as I passed him. I congratulated myself on my narrow escape. Late in the evening I was questioned as to a large dark spot at the waist. On further examination, it proved to be a spot the size of my palm to which dark brown particles were clinging, and then I realized that I had not escaped after all. The result was a ruined dress. I am still wondering.

I know a man who is assisting his wife to operate a large boarding house occupied largely by men. He is not a man of culture, education, nor special refinement but he evidently has a heart, for he will not allow his wife to take care of the cuspidor.

The co-called "old maid," "incomplete woman," "unappropriated blessing," and depleted woman, have clothed themselves in a white uniform with a red cross emblem, and betaken themselves from the the four corners of the globe to the gigantic battlefield of Europe, where they are helping to mend and patch up broken and mangled bodies into semblances of human beings. According to the anti and the saloon man, these "women should be in the home," lest men forget to be chivalrous. Whose home?

State leaders in the Suffrage Campaign in Pennsylvania are outlining in Harrisburg this week the Convention to be held in Scranton on November 19th through to the 24th. "Not a point of consideration in planning, not a feature of propaganda work, not a possible helper or phase of work will be overlooked in mapping out our gigantic task for the next twelve months," said Mrs. Roessing at the State Headquarters here today. "The Republican Party is pledged, I am most happy to say, to the passage of the Suffrage Bill in Legislature this year—so its success is secured. We have only to tell broadly, promptly and thoroughly—we don't have to fight in Pennsylvania—our men only need to be shown why we want the ballot," she continued.

Water Trouble at State College.

William P. Winter, professor of chemistry at State College, and other residents of that place, called the attention of Public Service Commission to what is termed a "deplorable state of affairs" existing at State College, because of a disagreement between the borough Council and the State College Water Company over the sale or renewal of the franchise. Many patrons of the water company were entirely without water during the day for the past four weeks, they say, and there would be an inadequate supply in the event of a fire. The health of the community is alleged to be jeopardized by the reservoir water in going to waste.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store

Eggs, per dozen	.30
Butter, per pound	.30

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co

Wheat, white or mixed	$1.05
Wheat, red	$1.10
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.75
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.75
Oats, (per bu.)	.45
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.60

Mrs. Nancy Corson Dead.

Mrs. Nancy Corson, mother of D. C. Corson, superintendent of the Sandy Ridge Fire Brick Works, died on Wednesday of last week at her late home in Chester.

The Man of The Merchant

He Proved His Courage and Daring.

By PETER VAUX

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I.

No sooner did the senior engineer hear the peremptory summons than he scurried from the crowded wardroom.

"Poor devil! Did you notice his face, Bellamy?" said the second engineer, addressing the florid paymaster. "He went as pale as death. When the deuce does Torshell eat and sleep, Naylen? He never seems to be off duty."

The surgeon twitched his spruce eyebrows.

"Oh, Mebbe, our senior engineer—our man of the merchant marine!" said he in his usual flippant, exasperating tone. "He'll go the same as Chisleburst if worries don't cease. No human being, much less Torshell, can stand for any length of time the state of affairs in this boat's engine room and stokeholds. It's enough to drive any man mad!"

"Chisle is really not well, then? We all know the complaint of Pattenle of the Farin' Furnace, as the fo'castle terms her."

Naylen shrugged his shoulders. "Our staff engineer went into sick bay to let this R. N. R. fellow shine, did he?" was his tart rejoinder. "Too much strain and unrest have knocked him off his legs. And so Mebbe is the man we must depend on now."

Said the paymaster in his big, rancous voice: "That is what happens with these understaffed engine rooms and insufficient repairs. Here we are, the lamest of the lame ducks in the division and tailin' off the column, with a reserve chap out of an easy, oozy, ten knot merchantman handlin' our engines, and rickety old machines they are. God alone knows what'll happen with him and his untried nerve when we pick the enemy up again!"

"A jolly good thing for us the enemy are just as much worried with breakdowns," was the consoling remark from the other end of the table. "The Rurik, the Freya, the Jena and"—

"I wouldn't indict the dockyard on the insufficient repairs point, Bellamy," interrupted the second. "My lords were responsible. They wouldn't enlarge the yards, make new ones or lease out repairs, so as to have all the necessary work for mobilization coped with adequately. But it is odd how she was passed out with the starboard cylinder cover not remedied. Of course nobody 'll be held responsible, as usual!"

Bellamy nodded, turning from scolding the harassed steward. He replied slowly. "But yet when an R. N. R. fellow can pop up and take seniority over the regular service, as in this boat, you can't expect"—

"Oh, here we are again!" the second broke in with. "Jealousies as usual. Torshell is as fit as any engineer. By George," he cried, listening intently, "the engines are slowin' down!"

II.

Torshell had approached Captain Widdrington and the "first," who lingered in the chart house discussing recent instructions. The senior engineer had coughed slightly to intimate his presence. The captain looked up, a frown sweeping his hard face on marking him.

"Sir," cried the engineer, "the port"—

"One moment, sir!" was the short answer. "This isn't a steam bus." And Torshell, again saluting, had stepped back, his pallid face blood red and his teeth hard clinched and gritting. The wary, diplomatic first just then cheerily nodded aside to him.

He let himself rock to the vessel's jiggling among the cumbrous masses of sea. Since he had joined, off the waylaid liner, his had been hard luck. He felt acutely the general sentiment against him; but, notwithstanding all his mettle was yet strong. It was the snobbish crowd in the wardroom and the unpleasant bearing of his subordinates that caused his discomfort of mind.

Suddenly he had held in his breath and unwittingly stepped toward the bridge ladder. The first drew himself back from the chart, darting a look of surprise at Torshell. But the captain's steel blue eyes flamed with sudden anger.

"Good heavens, sir! Your engines aren't slowing down?"

Torshell saluted. "Port air pump sir."

"This drives a man mad!" cried Widdrington, crashing his big fist upon the table. "Nothing but defects, defects! Can ye drive engines at all, you miserable merchantman? What d'ye want to slacken down to? What's wrong this time? You"—

That second came a tremendous jarring and crunching beneath their feet. The great ship was shaken like a thing of straw. An appalling hammering followed, chaotic and deafening. Gray steam surged through hatchways, ventilators and companions.

The senior engineer had rushed from the bridge. As he raced amidships he snatched the sacking off the backs of some of the "black squad" dumping ashes overboard, grabbed at a quartermaster's oilskins and shoved them all upon him.

"Garret an' Epburn an' Mr. Jerroll in port alleyway!" was the answer to his shout from the artificers now in safety. It reached his ear as he stepped down into the uproar of smashing, clashing metal.

With heightened anxiety and fear, Widdrington stared at the steam still outpouring. The thunderous clanking of ponderous machinery galloping loose beat frightfully into his ear. With much more of it bilge plates would be started.

It was then that a blear eyed, cinder burnt signalman came hurrying along. "Flagship flingin' out 'Chase' signals, sir!" was his report.

III.

When Torshell again dragged himself on the bridge he was a mere unshapely mass, held together by swaths of lint. Widdrington stepped hastily to him and helped him up the last rungs of the ladder. The captain looked into the seamed and scalded face, nearly hidden beneath bandages. Said he heartily: "By heavens, ye've pluck! These men owe their lives to you. Ye've pluck." And with this certificate forthcoming at last for service done he dismissed the case for heroism.

"But about this breakdown—what can you do? Our east wing scouts are in touch with the enemy, and here am I not doing five knots. Never a shot to be fired, and ahead they've got all the work. Can you do nothing with these starboard engines?"

"They are in a pretty bad fix, but I'll do my best to work them for a time at least."

The senior engineer staggered to a deep wallow of the stricken vessel as a tumultuous swell tilted her casemated broadside. He would have fallen headlong if the officers had not sprung forward and caught him under the arms. He moaned. "My knee! My knee! It's smashed."

Half an hour later he was superintending his officers and men, who, stripped to their trousers, were clearing away the wreck. Every order that issued peremptorily from his blanched lips went full and fair to the mark and afforded succinct knowledge and confidence to the grimy, sweating workers. Theirs were unbegrudged obedience and execution, for each now understood his man. Hunched shouldered, he was through physical agonies; yet, knowing that he held the lives of 700 men and that great, glorious ship in his hand, he maintained his will indomitable. Not a detail escaped his eye or slipped his brain.

IV.

Night had long since dropped. The immense boat lay lurching from side to side, plunging wildly under the tons of green seas that thudded like battering rams against her bows and forecastle what time the high walled swell broke roaring.

"Make for northwest trade patrol. Regain nearest port. Much regret breakdown," had been the sorely harassed vice admiral's latest message.

Captain Widdrington, a barrel swathed in shawls and many waterproofs, was with the first and third lieutenants on the afterbridge. Wearily he turned from straining his eyes over the indistinct summits of yeasty seas and cleared the brine off his face and bushy eyebrows with the flat of his left hand. He was cautiously making his way up the bridge when suddenly he stopped short. A quartermaster shouted, "D'ye hear that, sir?"

A faint boom had rung through the stormy wind, ominous, like to a dying world's last echo.

The first dodged a scattered spout of sea. "If the enemy drive down on us will you fight, sir?"

"Yes, by heavens! As well go down fightin' as not. If we can work ship it's the very weather for us. See Torshell. I must risk the port engines."

And as Wingate carefully made his way on deck "Firin' east sou'east!" was the lookout's hail.

He climbed down the thirty odd feet of slippery ladder into the maze of motionless machinery. As he touched the senior engineer on the elbow he noted his inbent and quivering lips.

"Can't say," was the answer. "Mebbe we will. But every man is workin his best. If it is in my power the starboard mills 'll run."

"If we can't steam God help us!" ejaculated the first.

V.

As the luckless warship flung herself about the iron flooring beneath the wornout men seesawed hither and thither, throwing them off their feet. She evened herself in a broad valley of the mountainous sea wastes.

Torshell yelled: "Let her go! Let her go!"

A breaking hill of wild water was hurling itself on the weather quarter just as the chains rattled through the blocks. Torshell lurched forward and then, to the boat's violent heeling, toppled helplessly between the hinder column of the intermediate engine and the banging mass of cylinder gear.

"Lower! Lower! Never mind me!" came in an intense shriek. Their racked and knotted arms pulled desperately, and the disconnected workings were lowered clear down to the floor plates.

The maimed and bleeding mass of flesh that had been Torshell, R. N. R., was slipping into the crank pit, but Jerroll and some others held it fast. And it came that as the waning voice moaned "Give her steam! Give her steam! Mind the links!" the mad pealing of the telegraph made his assistant leap to the starting engine. The two out off scouts of the enemy were opening a heavy cannonading.

The dull grunting of guns and the quickening thud of his engines the senior engineer did not hear. Cried Naylen, on his knees beside him, "The best man among us, and we never knew it!"

The fighting ship went bravely into action, but the man of the merchant marine would never again give ear.

Correspondence.

Pine Grove Mills.

Everybody that had a gun or could borrow one struck out for the woods on Tuesday of last week. Captain Sunday nearly wore out a pair of shoes hunting for a gun and it was late when he got under way to the Decker crew camped in Decker valley. Will Wagner, a noted nimrod of Altoona, has been visiting and hunting along old Tussey.

Mrs. G. H. Ward, of Pittsburgh, has been visiting with friends of her youth in and nearby town. She was formerly Mary Brett, daughter of the late Prothonotary R. G. Brett.

Clem Fortney came down from Altoona to see his old friend J. W. Fry, who has been ill but who is convalescing and hopes to be up and about before a great while.

Mrs. George Kustaborder, of Warriors Mark, has been a welcome visitor at the H. C. Houck home, just west of town.

Samuel I. Corl is erecting an addition to his barn, 30x60feet. The raising took place some days ago, at which time the house was filled with women and the barn full of men. Riley Hunter came near to being hurt, but he turned a flipper and escaped injury.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Walker spent Sunday of last week at the Clyde Fishburn home on the Branch.

G. Mac Fry and wife were visitors on Sabbath day of last week at the W. H. Glenn home on East Main Street.

Part of the fruits of the first days hunting were two does killed, one on old Tussey above Graysville. Game wardens took the carcass to Penna. Furnace for shipment to the Altoona hospital. The rural delivery man of WarriorsMark shot the other in the low barrens. As soon as he discovered his error he gave himself up to the authorities. The carcass was shipped to the Huntingdon hospital. A big bear is hanging in one of the camps.

Mrs. C. M. Trostel has been among the sick the last week.

While H. L. Dale was husking corn last week one of his hands got caught in the gearing and was badly cut. Dr. Woods dressed the hand and Mr. Dale is slowly regaining its use. However, he will hereafter keep shy of the dangerous critters.

The public sale of Charles Whitehill, at Oak Hall, on Wednesday of last week was well attended and stock prices soared high.

Jacob Fern departed on Thursday last for an extended visit in Michigan and the middle west.

The hunting parties out are the Rileys, at the head of Bear meadows; the Roosevelt Club, at Hunter Springs on old Tussey; the Bellview crew in David valley at their old stand; the Fleetfoot gang are in new quarters west of Gum Springs; the Scotia club are camped near the twin rock in the Alleghenies; the Decker crew are in Decker valley; a mixed crew of State College and Shingletown fellows are in new quarters near Balor Knob; the Raymond crew are west of the Bear meadows; the Modocks are over at their old ground at the Ross place; the Altoona crowd are in camp on the second flats and the Blairsville crew are camping in their new clubhouse at old Monroe.

Old Boreas is making himself felt, and the larder and coal bin want to be replenished.

Mrs. Sadie Warner has gone to Baltimore to take charge of the home of her brother, J. H. Markel.

Charles Auman, of Walnut Grove, spent several days this week with friends at Fairbrook.

The J. Sumner Miller public sale Saturday brought a big crowd of quick bidders who made prices soar high. Cows brought $85, and a horse was hammered down at the $225 notch. George Waite was the caller.

Keep in mind Mrs. Myrtle Swabb's sale on the 25th. She has no mongrel stock in her yard.

Thus far but five deer have been brought down in old Tussey. George Fisher same down Saturday and landed a nice big buck.

After an all-summer's visit with her daughter, Sara Graff, at Cincinnati, Mrs. Charlotte Kepler returned home on Monday, highly gratified with the visit as well as the journey.

C. Milton Fry, a trusted engineer on the Pennsy on the western division, spent several hours between trains with his brother, John, who is convalescing slowly.

Mrs. Esther Richie departed Monday for Altoona to join her husband and begin housekeeping at Seventeenth Street and Fifth Avenue, where the happy couple will be at home to their friends on Thanksgiving Day.

The many friends of Ernest Struble will be pleased to learn of his recovery which has progressed so far that he is now able to go about.

Grandmother Hubler, who but recently had recovered from a broken hip sufficiently to be able to be about, is again confined to her bed, this time with a complicatfon of ailments.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Elder left last week for an extended visit with relatives in the Buckeye State.

J. H. Bailey transacted business in West Branch Tuesday.

John Houck and friend, Mr. Zong, came up from the County Capitol Tuesday to hunt for big game on Tussey mountain.

John Corl, the miller at Struble, on Monday pushed wheat up to the $1.10 notch.

Mrs. Ella Gardner and sister, Bella Goheen, have closed their summer home at Rock Springs and gone to Tyrone to spend the winter.

The rain fall Sunday filled cisterns and supplied the needs of many farmers who had been carting water for livestock for a number of weeks. The ground was so well baked, there was not enough rain to soak in more than a few inches.

Rev. and Mrs. Spangler enjoyed a spin in their new Ford car to the Seven Mountains to Yeager Saturday, Mrs. Spangler remaining to spend several days with her aged father. Mr. Spangler returned home the same evening.

At a recent meeting of Lodge No. 276, I. O. O. F., a check was voted to the Orphans Home to gladden the hearts of the little tots on Thanksgiving Day. The Lodge also voted a donation for filling coal bins and larders, a fat porker for home folks for Thanksgiving.

Many friends will be interested to learn that Prof. Devo Mead, of Class 1913, Penn State College, for the past year employed at Alfred College, N. Y., last week moved to Cornell, where he has accepted a position as assistant professor in animal husbandry with an increased salary. The young professor is capable and full of energy and especially well fitted for his new post. His old home friends and schoolmates wish him lots of success. His wife was formerly Miss Florence Kepler.

The train due here at 3.45 Saturday was wrecked at or near the Fry crossing, where the engine coal car and an empty jumped the track. A special was called from State College to take the coaches back in time for the train leaving for Bellefonte. The train was put into shape Monday and came through that afternoon. Fortunately nobody was injured. A crew of men are engaged in repairing the track.

Curtin

Mrs. Harry Johnson, of Tyrone, is visiting with her mother, Mrs. John Riley, and sister, Mrs. William Prince.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bubb, of, Sioux City, Nebraska, are visiting with the former's sister, Mrs. Henry Shultz.

The Curtin grist mill was out for a short time while undergoing repairs, but started on November 16th grinding buckwheat and chop.

Our sick this week include Mrs. Ha Barger, Mrs. Amelia Gingher, Mrs. Charles Stanley and Mrs. Henry Shultz. We hope all may have a speedy recovery.

Calvin Bathurst spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Myrtle Lucas at Fairview.

Misses Sue Bathurst and Bertha Prince were Bellefonte shoppers on Saturday.

Mrs. Howard Reed, of Columbus, Ohio, and Mrs. Orlando Bryan visited with friends in Milesburg on Saturday.

Paul Parker, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with his friend, Robert Barnhart.

Some of the hunters have returned home and report game scarce.

Mrs. William Lyons, of Lyonstown, and Mrs. Firm Reed, of Blandsburg, visited on Sunday at the home of Mrs. Henry Shultz.

Miss Janet Potter, of Bellefonte, visited here on Sunday with her sister, Mrs. H. Laird Curtin.

The furnace here has been shut down for some time for repairs, but is ready for business again and will resume in the near future.

Mrs. Cora Lipton, of Erie, is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. Nancy McMeen.

Some of the young ladies of our town attended the moving pictures in Milesburg on Saturday evening. the number including Elgie Barger, Bernice Dukeman, Pearl Bryan, Adeline Gingher and her little sister Ida.

Woodward.

Roy Musser and wife, from Akron, Ohio, were called home one day last week to attend the funeral of the lady's brother, Gurney Fiedler. They returned to their home Monday morning.

Willet, Theodore and Olive Hosterman, from Buffalo, N. Y., are visiting at the home of their parents, C. W. Hosterman.

Mr. Beck, from Loganton, visited a few days last week at the home of Rev. Kessler.

Howard Miller and wife spent a few hours Saturday at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. R. M. Wolfe.

Miss Grace Treaster, from Lewistown, is spending the winter with her uncle, Abe Treaster.

Mrs. Rine, from Loganton, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Boob.

James Fultz and wife are visiting at the home of Jacob Fultz.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

Howard Ridges.

R. F. D. 2.

As its near Thanksgiving time.
And the pumpkin's off the vine.
And the price of turkey's soaring very high
It will take some magic power
For the prices to devour.
Or we'll have a very sad Thanksgiving time.

The great big stork left a tiny little daughter with Mrs. Earl Confer last week, and the father and mother are very proud of the new arrival.

Mrs. S. S. Walker came down from Bellefonte last Tuesday to spend the week with her cousin, Mrs. James Gault. Mr. Walker followed on Friday and enjoyed a couple of days hunting. Both returned home on Sunday afternoon.

Ambrose Thomas last week had the misfortune to lose the forefinger of his right hand. While feeding a corn husker on a farm along Fishing Creek he put his hand into the machine to straighten out some stalks that had clogged crosswise and the fingers of his glove became entangled in the knives. Before he could jerk his hand out the machine clipped off one of his fingers.

James Gardner, of Sandy Ridge, spent Sunday here with his family.

Horace Boone, of Monument, enjoyed a few days hunting in the ridges last week and while here he stopped with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gardner

Lewis Casselberry came down from Bellefonte on Saturday and visited over Sunday with his family.

H. P. Gault, who is working on a new railroad bridge at WarriorsMark, was home over Sunday.

Mr. Young, who resides on the John Robb farm on Marsh Creek, was a heavy loser by fire last week. His barn and all the contents burned to the ground. The family were about to retire for the night when they saw what they thought to be the headlights of an approaching automobile and were looking for the machine to pass. To their astonishment the machine seemed to stand still and one of the little boys went out on the front porch to watch it. He quickly discovered that the light came from their barn. An alarm was sounded and the family quickly ran to the barn, Mr Young going to the upper part and the boys to the ground floor to save the livestock. The fire, however, had gained such headway that nothing in the upper part of the barn could be saved. All the livestock was removed safely, but the flames were coming so fast that the mane of one colt was singed and Mr. Young's hair at one time was ablaze. Mr. Young had no insurance. Having no place in which to store his stock and nothing to feed them he is having public sale Monday.

Rev. Mr. Snyder has been holding a revival meeting in the Evangelical church at Fairview for the last four weeks, with good results. As the weather has been very favorable the meetings have been well attended. The series closed last Friday night, with everybody feeling that they had been greatly benefited.

Samuel Poorman and Russell Confer, who work at Hayes Run, were home over Sunday.

Ward Confer came home from Renovo last week, expecting to return when work picks up in that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Thompson and son, Guy, and daughter, Cathryn, spent Sunday at the James Gault home.

Raymond Gardner, who has been farming for Ed. Confer, on Marsh Creek, has moved back to his own house this side of the Divide.

Ronald Confer last week sold his horse, buggy and harness. Too bad for Ronald, as he has quite a distance to walk on Wednesday and Sunday.

Mt. Eagle.

John Confer shipped a car of lumber from the local station last Wednesday. On Saturday Clayton Gardner shipped a car of mine props.

Mrs. Bricker and son, Samuel, were Bellefonte visitors on Saturday.

The Misses Confer, of Howard, spent last Thursday night here as guests of Miss Ethel Bitner, on the farm, walking home the following morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Tobias, of Woolrich, visited this week at the home of the latter's brother, T. G. Leathers.

E. H. Leathers came in from his hunting trip on Saturday night and reported no deer at their camp.

Miss Gummo, of Salona, visited several days last week with her uncle, T. G. Leathers.

Mrs. Sayres, of Marsh Creek, was a visitor to Bellefonte several days ago.

Mrs. Hayes returned Saturday to her home at Howard, after visiting here for a week with her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Bathurst.

Ira Robinson is out in the mountains cooking at the Uzzle hunting camp.

Frank Deitz has built a new chicken house, so no doubt eggs will soon be much cheaper.

John Leathers' youngest boy was playing the other day when he got a fish hook fastened in his thumb. The services of a doctor were necessary to remove it.

Mrs. Sadie Daughenbaugh, of Howard, was a visitor here on Sunday.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching, 50c a box.

Milesburg.

Thomas Campbell, of Renovo, visited at his father's, W. R. Campbell's home, during the past week.

John Weaver was called home from Pitcairn on account of the illness of his son, Allison.

Miss Anna C. Shroyer spent Sunday with her parents, Adam Shroyer and wife.

Clyde Shelley, of Montgomery, visited friends in the town during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lloyd, of Lock Haven, Sundayed with Wesley Emenhizer and family.

Miss Margaret Wion, of Bellefonte, visited with Mrs. M. J. Gregg during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shultz are rejoicing over the arrival of a 12 pound boy last week.

Mr. Suiter, of Williamsport, Sundayed at the Richard home on Main Street.

Paul Gingher, who was with the Red Buck hunting party, returned home and reports that Forest Aiken shot a large buck.

Miss Ellen Hoover, of Johnstown, who has been visiting at the Kinne home has departed for Snow Shoe to visit relatives in that place

Oscar McMullen, of Bellefonte, visited with his uncle, Harry Wagner, over Sunday.

James Bryan and family have moved into the McCullough house on Hazel Street.

A. T. Boggs has joined the camping party at Blue Point for his annual outing.

Newton Jones and son, Roy, have departed for Blairsville, where they are to erect a new house for the former's daughter, Mrs. Irene Lucas.

Mrs. Bowes Poorman, of Jersey Shore visited at the home of Enoch Hugg during the past week.

T. A. Hugg, of Williamsport, Sundayed with his family on Water Street.

The many friends of George Degarmo will be glad to learn that he is very much improved.

Misses Bessie Miles and Mary Adams took in Pennsylvania Day at State College on Friday.

William Jodon has returned from State College, where he has been employed for some time.

Don't forget the musical to be held in the Mann Building under the auspices of the young people of the M. E. church on Friday evening, Nov. 20th. Admission 25c.

Charles Boyer, of Allport, visited recently with F. L. Baird and family.

Margaret Smith, of Curtin, spent Sunday with Lenore Bryan.

Malcolm Zimmerman is ill at the present writing.

Allen Pierce and son, of Philipsburg, were visitors recently with the Misses Adams.

Miss Mina Woomer spent Sunday at her home in Curtin.

Miss Margaret Smith Sundayed with Miss Kathryn Adams.

Rev. S. S. Clark held services in Axe Mann on Thursday evening of last week.

Rev. H. K. Ash was a guest at the butchering at the Ed. Houck home in Unionville on Wednesday.

Mrs. Jane Watkins is visiting her niece, Mrs. Miller, in Orviston.

Mrs. Allison, of Lamar, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. S. M. Huff.

Miss Margaret Zimmerman was a guest with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith, in State College, over Pennsylvania Day.

L. T. Eddy is very ill at the present writing. His many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Don't forget the Baptist Annual Fair to be held in the Crider building on Nov. 26th and 27th.

Blanchard.

Russell Bechdel, of Oakdale, came to his home on Saturday night for a few days hunting, bringing with him three friends. They all went out to their camp on Monday morning and will return to Pittsburgh Saturday. We hope they will have a fine time and get lots of game.

Mrs. Ida Fravel, of Orviston, is very ill at her home with pulmonary trouble, and with but little hope of her recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Furst Crider are grateful to their many friends and neighbors who so willingly turned out in the cold weather of Monday night to help fight the fire that destroyed the Crider greenhouse. It was the timely assistance of these volunteers which saved the Crider home and barn from being burned, for a high wind was prevailing.

The postoffice has changed hands, Milford Gardner being the lucky fellow. He now occupies the shop formerly occupied by John Bathurst, the barber. Olive Gardner, the primary teacher, assists him on Saturdays.

Mrs. Laura Bechdel was home from her school Saturday and Sunday to see her son, Russell, and friends.

James Fowler has moved his family into the James Bowes house.

A. R. Moon, who has been suffering from rheumatism for some time, is slowly getting better.

HOG CHOLERA

is around and "Prevention is better than cure." If you keep your pens properly disinfected and feed regularly

"Green's Condition Powders"

your stock will be likely to escape---at least that was the experience of those who used it last year---25c. a package.

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Thoroughly experienced in all kinds of drilling. We understand the business in all its branches. Prepared at all times to give estimates on work. No job too small or too large for us. Reference furnished, based on contracts we have handled in Centre County.

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COOK—A good cook wants situation, private or public. Call or write Mrs. Elsie Thompson, 124 East High Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—TYPEWRITER:—Good as new, only $15, cost $100. Will ship for trial prepaid,—also typewriter duplicator & gasoline engine. J. O. Stedel, 212 E. 5th St., Cincinnati Ohio.

About the size of your shoes it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for dancing parties, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere at 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—District and Local Representatives. To handle complete line of lighting devices. Get in business for yourself. Exclusive territory. Our new plan makes sales easy. Write for color plate illustrating patented features, Allen Sparks Gas Light Co. Lansing, Mich.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR SALE—A cow and a horse. Inquire Jesse Leathers, Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—Almost new upright piano, Very cheap to quick buyer. S. D. Ray, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Two agents, salary or commission. Apply to Leathers Bros, State College, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE OR RENT—House on Willowbank Street. Inquire of Mrs. S. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—The George R. Quick property, one mile north of Milesburg; on Marsh Creek road. Apply to or address Mrs. George R. Quick, Milesburg, Pa.

FOR RENT - In the Exchange Building. The steam-heated double office recently occupied as the Democratic Headquarters. Also, storage rooms, at $1, $1.50 and $2 per month. F. W. Crider. t.f.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.
Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

CARPENTERS WANTED—Four carpenters wanted to work on concrete form work at Liberal Arts Building at State College. Apply to George Barr, State College, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Monger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25 and 50c at all stores.

Seasonable Table Delicacies.

We have just received a fresh consignment of HEINZ' MINCE MEAT and PLUM PUDDING---None better.

Puritan Self-Raising Buckwheat Flour.

John McCann's Irish Oatmeal.

Cherry Diamond Brand Pure Strained Honey, 10 ounces for 12 cents.

You are cordially invited to call and ask for our new cash price list.

ROBERT MORRIS

Bellefonte - - Pa.

Getting Billy's Goat

A Football Story

By JACK BRANT

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Football at Buckeye college was no afternoon pink tea. If you apologized for putting a bobnailed shoe in the face of your best friend the coach was likely to light on your neck the next minute because of your ladylike manners. Temper played a big part in picking the team, and those of us who didn't have any originally had had it developed. The one exception was Billy Gordon, the big guard.

Billy was so good natured that it oozed out all over him. No one, not even the coaches, could ever ruffle him. Even if one did pick a scrap he was so big that it didn't do any good. He would put out his right hand, which was about as heavy as a full sized ham and greatly resembled one, and if any one got in front of it he would be brushed away like a fly, leaving Billy as serene and good natured as ever.

A man like that can get a place in the line on any football team in the country. But Tom Burns, head coach of Buckeye, wanted more than an automaton of defense; he wanted a whirlwind of attack and destruction. He used to sit up whole nights trying to think of schemes to make Billy mad.

His theory was that every man had a temper stored away somewhere and it needed only a touch on the hidden spring to start it off.

But Tom was pretty well stumped trying to discover the combination that fitted Billy.

Two weeks before the big final game with Kenyon college, our main rival, the situation began to get desperate. Tom Burns called a meeting of the whole team minus Billy and explained that, no matter how furious the rest of us got, if we didn't get a good mad out of Billy we stood as much chance of winning that game as of growing wings on earth.

What he wanted was to get Billy angry just before the game and have the cause of his anger so far out of his reach that he couldn't get at it and would take his wrath out on the Kenyon team.

This set us all thinking, and that night as I jumped into bed I found the solution. That solution was Miss Pink.

Miss Pink was the queen of the coeds and the prettiest girl in two states. It was secretly surmised among a choice few who were in on the game that she was as good as engaged to head coach Tom Burns. Billy, who didn't dance, was not one of the few who were in on the game.

My plan was to get her to cast a few of those smiles on Billy. It's a well known axiom that a fellow in love is particularly susceptible to the grouch germ, and it's just a step from a good blue grouch to a tearing rage.

I predicted that in two weeks we could get the thing so well under way that on the day of the final game all we would have to do would be to light the fuse and then run like the mischief to get far enough away before the explosion.

The end that I outlined to Tom was to have Miss Pink come up to Billy just as he was leaving the locker building in his football clothes and reach out and slap him on the face.

She could throw in some words at the same time, like "liar" and "cheat" or whatever the ladylike phrases were that would convey the same meaning. This, I reasoned, would rouse the temper of a mummy. And, of course, as Billy couldn't hit a girl, he would go into the game and begin tearing the clothes off the Kenyon team.

Tom agreed that the basis of the plot wasn't bad, but he didn't think that quite so much action in the final part would suit Miss Pink. He said I had the right idea, but that if I'd ever been in love I would realize that it wouldn't take as much as that to make a man eat granite.

According to his views, the best way to get Billy's goat would be to have the lady of his choice suddenly announce on the day of the game that she was engaged to another man.

"I guess you're right," I said. "It sure would give Billy a jolt if Miss Pink should tell him that she was engaged to you when he was thinking that he was the king pin. Do you think you stand in strong enough to pull the trick off at the proper moment?"

It was a fool question for me to ask. If there was one line where Tom considered that he was strong it was with the ladies. He wasn't far wrong, either, for he was no end of a hero, and girls like that kind. But I had an idea that he was having harder work bringing Miss Pink to terms than he liked to admit.

This seemed tough on Tom, for it was plain as day that she was the one girl he had ever met whom he was head over heels in love with.

"Well," said Tom, looking a little fussed, "you certainly have got a lot of nerve. But if you can keep a secret I'll tell you something. I'm not engaged to Miss Pink yet, but I hope to be. And I think that for the good of the college I can get her to play her part, and we'll let Billy know of our engagement at the right moment to win that game."

The next day Tom was beaming. So after practice I asked him how things were progressing. And because he wanted to talk to somebody and because he had started in to make a confidant of me he told me all about it.

It seems that when he had first suggested the plan she had refused absolutely to have anything to do with it. But after he had made a strong appeal to her college spirit and explained how necessary temper was to football and that unless she helped we would lose the big game she came around conditionally.

The conditions were that she reserved the right to drop out at any moment and that if any engagement was announced she was to be the one to do the announcing. And Tom assured me that she wasn't the kind of girl that would back out and that she would do her best for Buckeye. He was going to take Billy to walk that night and meet her accidentally and had an excuse all fixed up to leave them together.

Now that everything was arranged I began to feel a little uneasy in my conscience. I liked Billy, as did everybody else, and it seemed to me that we were playing him a pretty low down trick.

Things began to turn out beautifully just as we had planned. I guess a mere man doesn't stand much chance when a girl really sets her cap for him. Billy fell like a lamb and even took to writing poetry. His whole manner changed, and he carried around his 250 pounds as if they were barely enough ballast to keep him connected with the earth.

Tom gave him a clear field, for the good of the team, and when he wasn't at practice or attending lectures you could be pretty sure he was with Miss Pink or waiting for her somewhere.

This went on for two weeks, right up to the afternoon of the final game. Then came the explosion. It was bigger than we had expected—so big that Tom got caught in it.

A few of us were walking down to the field with Tom. He was very nervous, not listening to anything we said, and I knew it wasn't all caused by the game. Right in front of us were Miss Pink and Billy, waiting on the corner. As we passed Billy called to Tom, and he joined them. We went on.

I heard later that Tom tried to get away, but she wouldn't let him.

"Please stay, Mr. Burns," she said. "You have both been such good friends to me that I want you to be the first to hear a secret. I'm engaged, but don't tell, because it isn't out yet. Richard Randolph is a distant cousin, and I am so anxious to have you meet him."

She smiled up at them with those big, round, trusting eyes of hers. She was so confident they would be delighted and so absolutely unconscious that she was causing the slightest uneasiness to either of them.

They tried to say the right thing and left her to wait for her girl friends who were going with her to the game, and when they joined us at the locker room they were like two full sized hurricanes done up in quart bottles.

Nobody but I knew what the trouble was, and I didn't guess but half of it. Tom sailed into us in true football style, and the talk he gave us was a lyric. I've never heard nor read of a speech before a battle that could touch it. It put fire into us as if he were pouring it in with a dipper, and we ran out on that field ready to consume all that we touched.

That game will live forever in the history of Buckeye college. Kenyon came on the field with a heavier team and the idea that they were going to have a cinch. They found ten furies and one demon, and there was as much chance of stopping Buckeye as stopping the north wind.

Billy was the demon. From a quiet, peace loving Hercules of an hour before he had changed into an avenging torrent of wrath. Four men couldn't hold him, and his path when he ran down the field was lined with cripples with one or two of the gravest, who courted death, clinging to him.

The odds turned right around in the first ten minutes, and the college in the bleachers went wild with delight as we dashed on to victory. The score at the end was 29 to 0, and there was lots of fight still left in us. Two men fought even as the cheering undergrads carried them twice around the field on their shoulders. These two were Tom Burns and Billy.

There was a big bonfire on the campus that night, and everybody, coeds and all, attended. At about the middle of it there was a cry for an ax, and as I vaguely remembered having seen one around the corner of the grand stand where the carpenters had been working I went for it.

I made plenty of noise coming, but there were two people around there in the dark that didn't hear me. They were Miss Pink and Billy. I was near enough to hear what they were saying when I stopped, and I couldn't help listening. Miss Pink was talking.

"I—I said it for a joke," she was saying. "There isn't any Richard Randolph. I'm sorry I did it. I would never have done it if—if I had thought you would get so angry with me."

"I wasn't angry with you or any one," said Billy, stubborn as a barn full of mules.

"Oh, but you were. You were very, very angry, indeed, and it was splendid, and—and—I love you for it!"

It always pays not to argue with a woman, and there are sometimes when it pays better than others.

I hurried away as fast as I could, but I couldn't get away fast enough not to notice that Billy realized this was one of the times that called for action, not words.

UNPROFITABLE PROFIT.

Dramatists of Hugo's Day Often Got More Fame Than Money.

From an incident that Victor Hugo jotted down in his notebook, something like seventy or more years ago, we may conclude that the dramatists of that day more often received fame than any more material consideration as a reward for their work. And not infrequently even fame was withheld.

"Monsieur Santy," Hugo wrote in November, 1844, "is a former secretary of Thiers. He has written a tragedy called 'Count Egmond;' it is very flat. The piece is played; not a cat in the theater and not a sou in the box office. After three performances the tragedy disappears from the repertory of the Odeon. Furious, the author runs to the director, Monsieur Lireux.

"'Sir,' he cries, 'you have stopped playing my tragedy!'

"'Yes,' the director replies.

"'Why?'

"'Because it brings in no money.'

"'I am told that the receipts were only 100 francs less than the receipts for Casimir Bonjour's "The Student of Segovia," and you are still playing that.'

"'Only 100 francs less!' says Lireux. 'That may be true enough. But you see, the highest receipts for "The Student of Segovia" were 80 francs.'"—Youth's Companion.

BEAT THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Olden Time Ladies Who Took the Galleries by Storm.

The English house of lords has never been particularly kind to its fair visitors. Long ago, in the days when duchesses sold their kisses for votes, the house of lords forbade them to enter, and a battle royal ensued between the ladies and the peers.

The lord chancellor had sworn that he would not let them in, and the Duchess of Queensberry had sworn that ladies should come in. "This being reported," we read in an old diary, "the peers resolved to starve them out. An order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege."

These amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers. They stood there till 5 in the afternoon without either sustenance or intermission, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks and raps against the door with so much violence that the speakers in the house were scarcely heard.

At last by strategy worthy of a general the ladies "all rushed in and placed themselves in the front row of the gallery," where they remained till an hour before midnight, applauding or hissing to their hearts' content.—London Saturday Review.

Origin of the Periwig.

The periwig, which played so important a part in the toilet of a man of fashion during part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, owed its origin to Louis XIV. of France. When a little boy (he succeeded to the throne at five years of age) he possessed a profusion of remarkably beautiful waving hair which fell in clustering curls over his shoulders. The courtiers imitated the boy king by having heads of false hair to imitate his natural locks, and when Louis grew up he adopted the periwig himself.

During the reign of William and Mary periwigs were worn in exaggerated dimensions, and the beaux used to comb their wigs in public with special combs of ivory and tortoise shell, which became at last quite indispensable to these fine gentlemen.

Selim the Grim.

Sultan Yawuz Selim (Selim the Grim) is certainly not a pleasant Turkish potentate to recall. When he created his secretary Mohammed grand vizier the poor man had to be bastinadoed into accepting the honor. For "Mayst thou be Selim's vizier!" was a well understood equivalent of the time for "Strike you dead." Selim loved literature, however. The poem which his brother wrote, in the hour's grace granted before he was strangled with every other possible rival to Selim, moved the sultan to tears. But it did not save the poet.—London Chronicle.

When You Travel.

Don't wait until you reach the station, a few minutes before it is time for the train to start, before you find out the time for starting, arriving at your destination and the time of connection. Other passengers wish to take the same train and must buy tickets. And don't argue the question of the price of your ticket with the ticket seller. The price is settled by the managers and directors of the road. If the price is unjust, address a communication to them and stay at home till the price is satisfactory or pay it and keep still.—Exchange.

Rattlesnakes.

Advancing civilization is fast diminishing the rattlesnake on the American continent. There are said to be twelve species and thirteen varieties. While the poison of this snake is usually fatal to man, it never attempts to strike unless it is molested.

A Horse on Him.

College Youth (writing to father)—Dear dad, send me $500. Money makes the mare go.

Father (by return mail)—Yours received. Inclosed $50. That ought to be enough for a jackass.—Boston Transcript.

This Is Not the Way.

Wife (with magazine)—Here's an article on "How to Avoid War." Hub—What does it say—remain single?—Boston Transcript.

Downfall of an Astronomer.

M. Gudnie was the aged cook of the French astronomer Lalande. Like many men of distinction in his country and era, Lalande at one time dabbled a little in the culinary art himself. He contrived a sauce or two which Gudule pronounced promising for an amateur, and he was an expert maker of salads, which he was wont to prepare at table for the delectation of his guests.

"But there is now no more of that," Gudule lamented. "With his head full of miserable stars he hardly knows oil from vinegar. He makes no more salads, the unhappy man, and those which I prepare for him with the utmost care and serve charmingly—salads to tempt a king—he devours without a glance, without a word, without savoring, without appreciating, as if they were no more than boiled cabbage! A donkey eating thistles along the highway is more grateful for his dinner. Stars are well enough in the sky, look you, but it is imbecile to permit them to interfere with your meals here on earth. Heaven, which created victuals and inspires cooks, never intended it. I, Gudule, say so."

Bravery of the Belgians.

When Caesar in his "Commentaries" pronounced the Belgae the bravest of all the Gauls he was merely recording the reputation that they had earned on many a battlefield and which they maintained even in defeat. Caesar overwhelmed more than a quarter of a million of them in the year 57 B. C. on the banks of the Aisne. After the crushing defeat on the Aisne several tribes, headed by the Nervii, made a last stand on the Sambre, taking the offensive against the Roman legions and very nearly defeating them by the intensity of their onslaught. But the training and discipline of Rome saved Caesar, and the final result of the heroic resistance of the Nervii was their practical annihilation. Their peace emissaries said, "Of 600 senators we have lost all but three; of 60,000 fighting men but 500 remain." It is from this stock that the Belgians of today are descended.—F. J. Splitstone in Leslie's.

Attack of the Cossacks.

The Russian Cossacks have a form of attack which is peculiarly their own. It is known as the "lava." Cossack horses are specially trained to carry out the maneuver. The leading sotnia (squadron) spreads out to right and left, and the others, at full speed, form up on either side of it in a semicircle or half moon. Every man with a lance is attended by a man wearing a sword, and all the officers are in front of the men of each sotnia. The other squadrons do not wait for a special order, but at once adopt the same formation, endeavoring to surround the enemy from another side. With loud shouts reminiscent of the red Indian warwhoop the Cossacks rush down on the foe, and even though the first assault be repulsed another "lava" pours down on the shaken enemy. This system of attack takes its name, of course, from the liquid products of volcanic activity.—London Mail.

Ancient Astronomy.

A most interesting discovery in Egypt has been made, where an observatory has been found at Meroe at the bottom of a well in an underground bathing establishment, the advantage of such an observatory being that the stars could be seen by day as well as by night. This observatory, it is claimed, was evidently a copy of the famous observatory at Assuan, where the circumference of the earth was first determined—a work which was said to have been done at the bottom of the well. The chamber in which the astronomer's instruments were placed was ideally fitted for its purpose. Only a strip of sky was observable. On one of the stucco walls the astronomer has left a record of his calculations.

Must Have Some Evidence.

"I tell you, Jack," said the enthusiast in the Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung, "I have a new car that is wonderful. It runs so smoothly that you can't feel it. It makes no noise at all, and there is no smell of gasoline. And speed! Why, it goes so fast that you can't see it."

"Indeed!" replied his friend. "You can't feel it, hear it, smell it or see it. How under the sun do you know you've got a car, then?"

Ten Dollars a Leak.

"And when my day's work is through," said the fat plumber, "there is nothing I enjoy so much as dropping off to sleep and dreaming."

"And what are your favorite dreams?" asked the bosom friend.

"Why, pipe dreams."—Philadelphia Record.

A Laundry Puzzle.

Teacher—I should like my pupils to take a pride in their personal appearance. Now, you, Thomas, how many collars do you wear a week? Thomas—Please, miss, do you mean how many weeks do I wear a collar?—London Telegraph.

His Explanation.

"But, Jack, you said you adored me."

"Did I? Well, another girl had just rejected me and at that moment I didn't much care what I said."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just as Well.

"I can't accept your offer of affection, my dear sir."

"All right, madam. Then will you please return it?"—Baltimore American.

Self trust is the first secret of success.—Emerson.

A Worthless Lot

It Was Used For a Bridal Outfit

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

One of the men who went to Colorado on the breaking out of the gold fever there was Amos Clark. His family consisted of his wife and his daughter, Maria, the latter sixteen years old. Clark was an uneducated man, but with a good deal of grit. Mrs. Clark was a sickly woman, while the daughter was a sprightly girl, but unsophisticated.

The Clarks were Missourians, and the natural route for them to take was overland from St. Joseph. Clark purchased an outfit consisting of a "prairie schooner"—the name given to the wagon used by emigrants crossing the plains—drawn by four horses, in which were stored such articles as would be needed on the journey. Jacob Cowdry, a young man who had been a neighbor of the family in Missouri, volunteered to go with them, and the offer was gladly accepted.

One leaving the Missouri river today in a palace car and skimming along over the plains can hardly realize what that journey was sixty years ago. True, the alkali plains are there; but, protected by the comfortable car, it is hard to appreciate what toiling along in a wagon would be over the limitless, unshaded stretch of country between the Missouri and the mountains.

The route was infested with Indians, the atmosphere was so dry that the wheels of the wagons would shrink and fall apart, and there was lack of good water. On the way Clark fell ill, and Cowdry, who was only twenty years old, assumed the leadership. To his strength of will and his management was due the safe arrival of the family at the foot of the mountains, where, in the salubrious climate, they rested till Clark recovered. Then they ascended till they reached what afterward became Georgetown.

Gold was being taken out all along Clear creek, and Clark and Cowdry occupied themselves in washing for the precious metal—a process which consisted in putting dirt from the margin of the creek into a pan, washing it out and leaving tiny bits of gold, which sank to the bottom of the water in the pan. In this way they made a living, occasionally stopping their work to do some prospecting.

But the story of the Clark family is the same as that of nearly all gold hunters. No great luck came to them. Mrs. Clark died, and Maria, who by this time was eighteen years old, was obliged to supply her place. It was hard work for the girl, and she repined that she had been brought to a rough country, where she was spending her youth without the advantages of education or refinement.

Cowdry adored her. She appreciated his worth, but there was not in him that culture to which she aspired. The country was filling up with men who were bringing capital with them or representing capital, and Maria had her eyes open for a husband from among them.

Clark entered a number of claims, but had not the means to develop them. He was tied down to rocking pans of dirt in order to support himself and his daughter. Cowdry did some digging for himself and his friend, but did not strike pay dirt.

Such was the situation when Clark died. Maria, being cut off from her father's support, lived by disposing one by one of the claims he had left her. Cowdry would have gladly married her, but she looked higher. While her property was passing out of her hands a young man named Stapleton came from the east, representing or claiming to represent eastern capitalists desirous of investing their money in Colorado gold property.

One day some prospectors went to Stapleton and let him into the secret that they had struck a vein of rich ore and would like to get some money with which to develop it. Stapleton made an investigation and found that the vein widened toward a five acre claim to the west. He represented no capital, as he pretended, but had gone out to Colorado to try to make money by his wits. Telling the prospectors that he would write to his principals of the find and endeavor to secure the capital necessary to develop it, he set about to discover the owner of the lot lying to the west, with a view to getting possession of it before the owner became aware of its value.

Now, this lot was the last of the claims that Amos Clark had left his daughter, Maria. The only reason it was the last was that it was supposed to be the least valuable. At any rate, so she considered it.

Learning that the property belonged to Maria Clark, Stapleton sought her and, finding that she was a marriageable young woman, laid his plans accordingly. Without saying anything about her property, he began to pay court to her. This was exactly what she wished, and had not Stapleton been an unscrupulous adventurer there would have been no reason why she should not encourage him. He did not delay his courtship, enhancing his suit by telling Maria that he had secret information of a mine which promised to be a bonanza and for the development of which he was about to procure capital. As organizer of the company he expected to receive a block of stock that would make him rich.

Stapleton was so far above Maria in outward appearance that she was troubled by the difference. She was very desirous of lessening this gap by improving her wardrobe and was planning for this when her lover came to her and announced that the mine which he was to promote had assayed $600 to the ton, that he was anxious to get his company organized at once lest some one else should hear of its value and get ahead of him. He had really got an assay of ore from the vein showing the proportion of gold he claimed, and this was all the truth there was to his story. He asked Maria to marry him at once and go east with him on his quest.

Maria demurred at such haste simply for the reason that she did not consider herself presentable as a bride, especially to the grand folks in the east to whom her lover would introduce her. She did not give him this as a reason; she told him that he was a stranger to her and she didn't like to take the risk of marrying him without his being vouched for. Stapleton, failing to persuade her to marry at once, gave her references in Denver.

This suited Maria's plans exactly. She would go to Denver, get some apparel that would be more appropriate for a bride than her cheap, soiled garments, see the persons referred to and return without a word to her fiance of what she was going to do. But one thing interfered with her plans—she had neither money for the journey nor for the clothes.

There was but one way for her to secure the necessary funds, and from this she shrank. Jacob Cowdry might possibly have enough for the purpose and would doubtless let her have it, but she knew that he loved her, and how could she ask him for money with which to buy a trousseau for marriage with a rival?

While she was trying to throw off her repugnance Jacob came to see her. She received him with so much graciousness that it excited in him a hope that she might yet be won.

"Jake," she said, "I need some money."

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Oh, about $500!"

"I've got something over $400. Can you make that do?"

"Reckon."

"All right; I'll go and get it for you."

"But I've only one way of paying you—the last of the claims father left me, and that isn't worth $50. I've been trying to sell it for that, and I can't."

"I don't want any return, Maria. You know that anything I have you're welcome to."

This staggered her. She was not dishonorable and would not accept such a favor without telling the truth. She did so and was pained at the impression her revelation made on him. He did not speak for some time, then said:

"Maria, I'll not deny that this is a shock to me, but we must stand what is meted out to us, and I will do anything to make you happy."

The girl winced, but she had made up her mind to better her condition for the present and the future, and she steeled herself to what she was doing. She permitted Jake to go for the money and when he had gone unlocked a tin box in which she kept the deed to the last of the lots her father had left her and, taking it out, assigned it to Jacob Cowdry. When Jake returned with the money she hung her head in silence for awhile, then handed him the deed, saying:

"It's all I have to repay you, Jake, but I shall never forget your kindness."

"I don't want it," said Jake.

"Take it. I will feel better if you do and will be happier if it should some day turn out to be valuable."

Jake took the deed, remembering that he would need a wedding gift and this was all he had to offer. Then he went away. As soon as he had gone Maria sat down and cried.

Stapleton missed Maria the next day, and he concluded that she had gone to Denver. The references he had given her were his pals, and he knew they would give a good account of him, so he rubbed his hands gleefully and awaited her return with impatience.

When he saw Maria again she was dressed becomingly, and it occurred to him that if he really wanted a wife he might be inclined to keep her after he had married her. He complimented her on the clothes she had purchased.

"They're all I have in the world," she said. "You'll have to take me as I am or not at all."

"I love you for yourself alone. But how," he asked presently, "did you get money to buy this outfit?"

"I owned five acres of worthless land. I sold it for $400."

Stapleton started—started inwardly, not outwardly. His cold gray eye was fixed upon her, but gave no sign of what was passing within him. Then, after having secured a promise from her to marry him the next day, he departed.

That was the last Maria ever saw of him. Where he went she did not know. On the day the wedding was to be celebrated he did not appear, but Cowdry came with the deed, reassigned to her for a wedding gift. Throwing her arms about his neck, she said with tear dimmed eyes:

"Jake, I'm going to be married today, and I'm going to marry you if you'll take me."

Jake took her gladly, and the ceremony had no sooner been performed when a man appeared and offered Jake $10,000 for his lot. Jake concluded to look into the matter and refused to sell. He and his wife owned in it one of the large gold mines of Colorado.

His One Failing

An Odd Episode In a City Belle's Summer Campaign In the Woods.

By ELLIOT WALKER

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"I'll get Tinker to take you out, I guess," said old Sackett. "He's jus come in."

"Is he a good, safe man?" asked Mrs Cranby.

"Who—Tinker? Safe? Well, he's supposed to be safe—safe as they make 'em round here," responded the hotel keeper. "He's been up in the woods with a party for two weeks—got back this mornin'. Best guide on the lakes for a young feller. Quiet, good lookin', and knows his business—you'll like him, marm. He'll work around the house till another party picks him up—maybe a day or two or a week. You're lucky to git him—I don't know as he'll go out. He's cranky sometimes."

The Cranbys had just come up to the String lakes, that well known chain where the lower one affords good hotel accommodations, fair general society and poor fishing and the upper ones dwindle into wilderness with its accompaniments, according to distance.

"It was too bad that papa had to get that disgusting telegram which called him back to nasty old Wall street just as he was comfortably settled. How mean and inconsiderate for those people to fail at such a time!"

So said Ethel, who, with her mother and sisters, lamented the trying circumstances in various degrees of impotent wrath.

"He will be back soon, in a week probably," explained Mrs. Cranby. "Meanwhile we must enjoy ourselves as best we may. It is too bad, though. What shall we do for amusement? It's a dull place."

"Let's have a picnic tomorrow!" cried Harriet, the second shining light in the galaxy of daughters. "That'll be fun."

Her eighteen years had not dulled her appreciation of the love of freedom, and the woods and waters appealed to her strongly.

Ruth and Maria, the junior hopefuls, whose respective ages of fifteen and thirteen were as yet undimmed by the tarnish of society, gave glad accord to the proposition. To them a picnic embraced many thoughts of mild adventure, as well as a variety of refreshments, which alone was worthy of their approving consideration.

Ethel, whose twenty summers had brought to her much beauty of face and form and a rather undue portion of masculine adoration, poohpoohed the picnic idea at first. Finally she graciously yielded, thereby receiving much thankful acclamation from Ruth and Maria.

"I won't row five women, Sackett—you can put that down," observed Mr. Tinker when he was approached. "I'm willing to take two. Let 'em have a couple of boats, and the Injun can row one. Five females in a boat isn't safe."

Tinker had considerable fault to find, and he did it loudly, addressing his remarks to the hotel man, who was on hand to see them off.

"Why don't you keep your old tubs in some kind of shape, Sackett? I'm ashamed to take a lady out in this one—it's all fish scales!" he cried.

"He's a mite sour this morning," whispered Sackett to Ethel. "I don't mind him. Usually he don't say but little. Fine lookin' feller when he's dressed up. Knows a lot too."

The girl was gazing at the active figure in the boat, swabbing away with an old rag of a sponge.

"I think I'll go in Mr. Tinker's boat," she said very audibly.

The man looked up, and their eyes met.

"She's a stunner!" thought Tinker.

"He looks like a nobleman in disguise," mused Ethel. "I'll take Maria with me," she called, "and then the children won't get fooling."

The "Injun," who was only a tall, tanned Yankee with strongly pronounced features, accepted all burdens meekly and grinned as he started with his load.

"Where are you goin,' Tinker?' he asked as that gentleman drew away from him.

"Over to Bogey point," answered Tinker. "Got any terbacker?"

"Yep!" replied the Injun. "Got a whole new plug."

"How long will it take to row to the point?" asked Ethel.

"Half an hour," was the short answer.

The pretty girl in the stern gazed reflectively across the lake. She wondered how much she could accomplish in half an hour.

She brought her eyes back to the face of Tinker. He was looking straight at her with an expression of respectful admiration, and his bright [illegible] eyes sought hers for a moment [illegible] dropped.

[illegible]rl had smiled into them, a [illegible] like you!" smile, and the [illegible]eks burned through the tan. [illegible]ures wore an almost childish [illegible]easure and embarrassment.

[illegible]miled softly at some interest[illegible]ght. Could she have read the [illegible] Tinker she would not have

[illegible] to flirt with the guide, eh!" [illegible]inking. "Well, let her go it. [illegible]ad her on. I'm nothing but [illegible]unsophisticated countryman.

but good looking enough for that beauty to try to upset. I'll have some fun out of it myself. I haven't rowed pretty girls around this old pond for six years for nothing. She evidently thinks I never saw a girl before. I guess she is younger than she looks."

Tinker stopped rowing long enough to pull off his gray slouch hat and drop it at his feet. Then he dipped his brown hand in the lake and rubbed his hair vigorously with the cold water.

"There," he remarked; "that feels good."

"Mr. Tinker," observed Maria, "you are quite a beautiful looking man. Isn't he, Ethel?"

The guide looked at Ethel and smiled—a very pleasant, indulgent smile.

"Hush, Maria," said her sister reprovingly, with a quick blush. "You mustn't be personal in your remarks."

"You look like a picture of young St. John," went on Maria in an absorbed tone. "We have it."

"I feel honored," laughed Tinker. "I know the picture of which you speak. In the old days"—he suddenly became very serious and bent to his work, sighing a little as if at some sad remembrance—"no matter," he added softly.

Ethel was now consumed with curiosity, and her eyes inquired of his as he looked up. He shook his head.

"Not now," he said.

The picnic was a great success. Ruth and the Injun appeared to have formed ties of the closest interest. It subsequently turned out that these two had possessed themselves of sundry delicacies from the basket, the Injun's pocket being a convenient repository.

"I'm sure they put in more cake," complained Harriet, "and I told them particularly about the apples. They must have forgotten."

It was all very beautiful in the fresh sweet air, with the wild sounds of birds and little waves. What more conducive to a nap for Mrs. Cranby and small explorations for Harriet and the little girls?

Tinker rowed Ethel along the shore and up into the cool shade of Moose creek, where the fine old trees and the limpid water combined to form a picture which would have gladdened the heart of a painter in water color. The very air seemed to invite confidences and to induce low toned and very earnest conversation. The Injun smoked and lounged, and the fair afternoon was soon over.

* * * * * * *

"Have a nice time yesterday?" observed Mr. Sackett to the eldest Miss Cranby as she sat on the piazza the next morning trying to read.

"Lovely," responded the young lady dreamily. "Oh, Mr. Sackett!"

"Yes?" said her host interrogatively.

"Isn't that young man—that one you called Tinker—isn't he quite superior to most of the men about here? He talks very nicely—I mean uses such good language," went on the girl, hesitating a little. "He was not born here, was he?"

"Eh?" ejaculated the old man. "Oh, well! Let's see! Yes, he does talk first rate—he's a quick feller. He got some education when he was younger, and he's smart. Remembers everything! He can talk all right. Likes fun, but he's real solemn and steady most always."

"Yes, he was telling me," said Ethel absently.

"What was he tellin' you?" asked Sackett.

He gazed at the pretty, confident face and smiled quietly.

"Did he tell you about his uncle," he went on, without waiting for a reply, "and his college days—the unjust charge and how he bore it all to shield another—how he ran away and was now livin' in this desolate country, away from everybody, where he could feel free and independent?"

"Ah, you know about him, too!" cried the girl.

"Yes, I know about him," answered the hotel keeper. "Did he tell you about thoughts and ambitions and things—how he hoped to go to the city and begin over and succeed? Maybe he asked you to be his friend?"

Ethel nodded.

"I think he will succeed," she said; "he seems so determined and strong. I shall be glad to be his friend."

"Did he tell you," resumed Sackett with great solemnity, "that he had a wife and two kids over in Brushview, four miles east of here?"

"Mr. Sackett!" cried the girl, jumping up in consternation. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—that's right," answered her host, "and that's the only true thing in the whole story—the rest is all lies. He's told that tale before. Yes'm, he's got a nice little woman and two boys that he thinks the world of, and he's a good guide and a good feller. I've never known him to lie, except about this one thing. Wonder why he does it?"

His keen eyes twinkled. Ethel, almost as tall as he, peered into them as if trying to read his thoughts. Then she burst out laughing.

"That's right!" exclaimed Sackett. "You're a sensible young lady. Gracious, but your face was red, and your eyes blazed for a minute!"

"Where is he?" asked Ethel. "I want to see him."

"He's gone," said the landlord. "He went up the lakes with a party early this mornin'. I don't expect him back for a fortnight."

"We will be gone by then," said the girl. "I'm sorry. Well, you tell him I have a little sense, and I forgive him. It was a real mean trick—tell him that, too—but it wasn't a bad lesson. Will he tell about it?"

"He—Tinker? No! He'll never lisp it, and I won't!" exclaimed Sackett.

"I don't think I will, either," said Ethel.

WOOD AND METAL AND MUSIC.

A Theory Born of the Patter of the Raindrops on the Roof.

Since Mittelburger, the German musician, while sleeping under a roof of cedar shingles in Philadelphia, in 1754, was entranced with the resonance produced by raindrops falling on the shingles, until the present time, wood has held an indisputable place in the manufacture of musical instruments. Mittelburger's first work under his theory that wood was more musical than metal was when he built a pipe organ—the first in America—with the pipes of southern white cedar, the same wood which had charmed his ear while he listened to the rain on the roof.

The superlative quality of spruce as material for sounding boards is due to the long, straight, regular fibers of which the wood is composed. The microscope reveals what the unaided eye cannot see. The minute cells forming the wood are extremely long—full one hundred times as long as their diameter measurement—and each cell or fiber is stretched like a taut string. Although these cells, all lying lengthwise of the wood, are packed and stretched closely, side by side, there is room for vibration when they are struck.

All woods possess this quality or resonance, but in vastly different degrees. Some are dull and nearly dead, others emit tones quick and sharp, and still others give out sounds that continue a long time and gradually die away as if vanishing in the distance. Spruce is of the latter kind.

Wood possesses resonance, metal has ring. That may not wholly conform to dictionary definitions, but it classifies the two materials pretty accurately. The singing of a tightly stretched telephone wire across an open field in the autumn wind is a most pleasing melody to one who has an ear for the delicacy of the simpler sounds. But how much softer and melodious that singing wire becomes if the ear is pressed against the telephone pole so that the vibrations come through the wood to reach the ear, instead of directly from the wire.—Hardwood Record.

LUCK IN A BLUNDER.

A Story of Frederick the Great and a Frightened Ensign.

During the last evening of my stay at Friedrichsruhe Bismarck was at his best. He was in excellent spirits. After dinner we lit pipes, and well filled tankards of beer were handy. The prince seated himself in his long armchair, put his feet upon a leg rest, and evidently he was settled down for a good talk.

He asked me what I should like him to relate. I said, "Pray, sir, tell me any story that comes into your head." Puffing vigorously at his pipe, the following story was slowly developed:

"My grandfather served for three years under Frederick the Great and told me this anecdote: An ensign made a blunder during the maneuvers of troops at a review. The king, as was his wont when annoyed, fell into a violent rage and pursued the terrified ensign, stick in hand. The young soldier ran for very life and jumped a ditch, leaving the king upon the other side shaking his stick at him in a fury.

"Shortly after the escape of the ensign the colonel of the regiment came up to the king and said, 'Your majesty, the young man committed a blunder doubtless. I have just received his resignation from your majesty's service,' placing the document into the king's hands. 'I am sorry for it, for he was a good officer, but he can take no other step under the circumstances.'

"The king answered, 'Send him to me.' The ensign was sent for and came, trembling, lest this time the stripes should in reality fall upon his shoulders or, still worse, he might be sent to prison. Without any preface the king replied, 'Here is your captaincy, sir, which I endeavored to give you this morning, but you ran away so swiftly that my old legs could not catch you up.'"—Sir W. B. Richmond in North American Review.

Origin of Gibraltar.

The "tar" in Gibraltar is a contraction of Taric or Tarif, the name of a famous pirate of medieval times. The whole word may be translated as "mountain or cliff of Taric." This same root "tar" occurs in the word "tariff." Taric after a time came to levy a tax or tariff on passing vessels instead of robbing them outright. In this way our word "tariff" had its origin. It is interesting to note also that this robber was further honored by having the town of Tariffa, near Gibraltar, named for him.—Detroit Journal.

Surnames In England.

History shows that surnames did not come into general and hereditary use in England until after the Norman conquest, when the upper classes were first known by the names of their lands. The lower orders took the names of trades, birds, animals and various other objects in art and nature. We are told that the earliest English surname is "Hatte."

News For the Reporter.

Flustered Policeman—Stand back, there! Reporter—But I'm a newspaper man and want to find out about this fire. Policeman—Stand back, I say! You can find out all about it in the papers in the morning!—London Express.

His Conclusion.

"Jones has offered to sell his automobile at a low figure."

"Which is broke—Jones or the machine?"—Boston Transcript.

SPEECH AND THE CHIN.

Maybe at One Time the Tongue Proved Mightier Than the Teeth.

In man the chin seems to project more and more as he progresses toward his modern civilized condition. This must imply that immediately the huge lower canines degenerated the part took on some other function of vital importance to the race and that the need has increased with his intellectual and social advancement.

My theory, then, is that the chin is essentially a part of the mechanism of articulate speech.

It is tempting to theorize a little further and to suggest that the human chin perhaps bears testimony to a prehistoric change from carnal weapons to others which, if not exactly spiritual, were such as appealed to the part of us where spiritual forces work, for apparently long ago before the pen proved mightier than the sword the tongue proved mightier than the teeth.

If one could only prove this one might show that even before the glacial epoch parliamentary institutions (using the terms in its widest sense) began to take the place of lethal weapons in settling disagreements and that the substitution of arbitration for war is not merely a doctrine of latter day moralists, but is a part of the ordered march of cosmic progress as inevitable as the other evolutionary changes which have brought us up from among the brutes. — Dr. Louis Robinson in North American Review.

Information.

It was a very fashionable concert and the artists very well known ones, but the two young things were too busy with picking out their peculiarities to hear the music.

In the midst of a beautiful selection the pianist suddenly lifted his hands from the keys and one of the young things was heard to say clearly:

"I wonder if that hair is his own?"

The old man who sat beside her was slightly deaf, but he turned with a benevolent smile.

"No, miss," he imparted pleasantly; "that is Schubert's." — Philadelphia Press.

Local Druggist Makes Many Friends.

Green's Pharmacy Company reports they are making many friends through the QUICK benefit which Bellefonte people receive from the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc, known as Adler-i-ka. This remedy became famous by curing appendicitis and it is the most thorough bowel cleanser known, acting on BOTH the lower and upper bowel. JUST ONE DOSE of Adler-i-ka relieves constipation and gas on the stomach almost IMMEDIATELY.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year.

Certainly You Want the

Best Insurance

You can get it for the money. Then see

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

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Crider's Stone Bl'dg

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BELLEFONTE, PA.

Contributions of Money.

Thousands of helpless people, men, women, and children, are starving in Europe. People like ourselves who, a few months ago, were happy and prosperous. Because of the war they are now without food or shelter.

Do you want to help them?

We shall be glad to receive and forward contributions of money, no matter how small.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, Penna.

REMEMBER!

THAT WE SELL

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Of all kinds for building Houses, Barns, Fences, Porches, Pavements. Also

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— AND —

PAROID ROOFING

The best Roofing we know of, also

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in various colors to imitate real wood; it needs no paint. We have for sale cheap, a lot of used machinery, Engines, shop soiled Sash Doors, Moulding etc.

Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.
Lv. Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.11
Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
Hunters Park	f 6.48	.....	f 2.21
Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.23
Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.28
Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag.

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv. Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.30
Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.02
Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.25
Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.37
Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.35
Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

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SEVEN BARKS
a Sure and Safe Remedy for
DYSPEPSIA and all STOMACH TROUBLES.
Seven Barks, which is the extract of Roots and Herbs, will make your food digest, banish Headaches, regulate your Liver and Kidneys, give you new life, and keep you well. Price 50 cts. a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
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THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Here and There.

Pure singapore ground pepper at 25c the pound at Green's Pharmacy.

Miss Helen Counsil, of Sinnemahoning, is a guest of Miss Rachael Shuey.

Mrs. Louisa Harris will entertain with dinner at one-thirty on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Sadie Saterfield entertained with a large dinner party on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. A. J. Cook will entertain this evening with flinch at her home on West Linn Street.

Mrs. George B. Johnson, of Beaver Falls, is visiting here with her mother, Mrs. J. A. Aiken.

Mrs. Mack Hall and daughter Mrs. Harvey Hoy, were arrivals here from Niagara Falls last Saturday.

Dr. John Keichline, of Petersburg, visited over Sunday here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Keichline.

Mrs. Harry Keller and Mrs. C. L. Arnold chaperoned at one of the house parties at Penn State College over Pennsylvania Day.

Mr. Megargle, of New York, spent the week-end with Mrs Megargle, who for the past month has been the guest of her cousin, Mrs. J. M. Dale.

Mrs. Thomas A. Shoemaker leaves the first part of next week for Philadelphia, where her daughter, Martha, will join her to enjoy the Thanksgiving vacation.

On Sunday evening, next, Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes will preach in the Presbyterian church on the subject, "With the Lord in the Air." All are cordially invited.

Mrs. Edmund Blanchard is with her mother, Mrs. Donnelly, at Ridley Park, while Mr Blanchard is away hunting with the Panthers. He will join her in Philadelphia upon his return from the mountains.

Clem Gramley, of Rebersburg, was a business visitor in town on Wednesday. Few persons would suspect, judging by his general appearance, that last Saturday Clem celebrated his fifty-second birthday anniversary.

The Lock Haven "Express" of Tuesday noted the fact that Abner Rider, of Bellefonte, had stopped over in Lock Haven on Monday night, enroute to Oklahoma where he expects to be employed in a glass plant.

Union Thanksgiving services will be held on Thanksgiving eve, (Wednesday evening, Nov. 25th,) in St. John's Reformed church, at 7.30 o'clock. The sermon will be delivered by the Rev. W. M. B. Glanding. Everybody is invited to attend.

Mrs. Patsy Stewart was an arrival home Tuesday night, after an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. Mary Miller, at Hagerstown, Md. She was accompanied by her son, Findley Stewart, of Washington State, who has been spending some weeks in the East.

Don't forget the Thanksgiving Market that will be held by the women of the Reformed church, in Petriken Hall, Tuesday and Wednesday of Thanksgiving week. Home-made, bread, pies, cakes and candy will be made fresh each day. Country produce, aprons, and Christmas novelties will also be offered for sale.

They were two football games on the local grounds last Saturday and Bellefonte teams won both. Bellefonte Academy defeated the Renovo Y. M. C. A. team 47—0, the game being about as one-sided as the score would indicate. The visitors were simply outclassed. Next Saturday the Academy plays the last game on the schedule with Duquesne University, at Pittsburgh. Bellefonte High School defeated Clearfield High School 12—0. Clearfield had a heavier team than Bellefonte but the latter excelled in team work and deserved the victory. The display of school spirit prior to the game was probably the best in the history of High School athletics. There was a parade headed by a brass band, made up of students, while in the line were members of the football team and the entire student body of the school. The young ladies marched with the young men, all carrying flags and school colors. On Pennsylvania Day, last Friday, the Penn State football team was defeated by the Michigan Aggies, 7—3. The Michigan team was accompanied by a student band of 63 pieces, the party traveling in a special train. While in Bellefonte the band paraded through the principal streets and furnished some high class music that was greatly enjoyed. The football team remained here until Saturday morning and devoted several hours to practice on the new Hughes Field. Several hundred Michigan students had planned a unique trip to State College for Pennsylvania Day, but kad to abandon it at the last minute. The boys had it all figured out and were ready to ride in box cars billed as perishable freight. This would have given them a lower rate than regular passenger fare, and thei box cars would have been attached to fast through passenger trains. Western railroads caught the spirit of the proposition and were heartily co-operating when at the last minute came the general quarantine regulations prompted by the epidemic of hoof and mouth disease. The box cars in which the boys expected to travel were called in with hundreds of others to be thoroughly disinfected, and the trip had to be cancelled.

William McFarland spent Sunday in Lock Haven.

L. N. Walzer spent several days this week in Harrisburg.

Frederick Schad returned home from Pittsburgh on Sunday.

Robert F. Hunter was a business visitor in Philadelphia last week.

Mrs. Robert M. Beach is visiting for a week with friends in Scranton.

Guy Cline and Thomas Shaughnessy, Jr., spent Sunday in Tyrone.

Misses Anna J. and Caroline M. Valentine are visiting in Philadelphia.

Nelson Showers, of Johnstown, visited here with his mother over Sunday.

Miss Nancy Burrows, of Tyrone, is visiting with Mrs. Hugh N. Crider.

Mrs. W. T. Twitmire was an arrival home Saturday from Medford, N. J

W. H. Myers, of Spring Mills, was a business visitor in town on Monday.

Mrs. Mollie Valentine is in Philadelphia for a week doing some shopping.

Mrs. Joseph Twitmire, of Sunbury, visited here with friends on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Frank P. Blair has as her house guest Mrs. A. B. Entwistle, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Alexander, of Centre Hall, visited here on Wednesday with Mrs. Archibald Allison.

Mrs. Daily, of New York, was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. R. G. H. Hayes during the past week.

Mrs. George Shillings died on Wednesday morning from blood poisoning, at the Bellefonte hospital.

Rev. William VanTries, of Altoona, recently spent several days here with his father, Dr. T. C. VanTries.

William Wallis, of Pittsburgh, spent several days this week here with Mrs. Wallis, at the Mrs. John Meese home.

Mrs. Wells L. Daggett leaves tomorrow for a visit with friends in Elmira, expecting to remain over Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Thomas Beaver and child departed last Saturday for Crafton, where they will visit with Mrs. Beaver's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Prince.

Miss Hallie Woodward, of Howard, spent Monday in town as the guest of Mrs. J. Norman Sherer.

Mrs. James B. Lane will leave on Tuesday for McKeesport to spend Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lane and grandchildren.

The Undine Fire Company will give a euchre and five hundred party on Thanksgiving eve, beginning at 8 o'clock. Refreshments will be served.

Colonel and Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds, who motored to New York and Princeton last week to attend the Yale-Princeton football game, returned home yesterday.

The Bellefonte Academy closes tomorrow for a ten days vacation. In order to arrange such a nice vacation school has been held on Saturdays during the past month.

Hassel Montgomery, Harry Ruhl, and Don Wallace are among the local football fans who are planning to take in the Pitt—Penn State game at Pittsburgh on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Theodore Cherry returned home from Beaver on Monday, and were accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Nichols, and child, Mrs. Nichols being in ill health.

Miss Brockerhoff entertained Saturday evening with a dinner of eight covers in honor of her house guest, Mrs. William Dravo, of Pittsburgh, also Mr. and Mrs. Megargle, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Bond Somerville have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Eleanor, to Dr. Davis, of Carnegie, to take place at their home in Crafton on Wednesday, November 25th.

Mrs. Hildebrand, an aged lady and former resident of Bellefonte, died several days ago at Osceola Mills. She was a member of St. John's Episcopal church, of Bellefonte. At the time of death she was aged 96 years.

Milton Woomer Dead.

Milton Woomer, a native of Bald Eagle, died last Monday evening at his late home at Tyrone. He suffered a stroke of paralysis two years or more ago, since which time he had been practically helpless. Deceased was the son of the late Mary Ann Woomer, of Bald Eagle, and was born April 25th, 1841. Surviving are several children, also a brother, Ridgway Woomer, of Bald Eagle, and these sisters: Mrs. William Lewis and Mrs. Martha Foster, of Tyrone, and Mrs. Jennie Miller, of Altoona. Interment was made on Wednesday at Bald Eagle.

To Fill Jury Wheel.

The Jury Commissioners of Centre County will meet on the first Monday in December to fill the jury wheel.

STARS IN THE UNIVERSE.

Enough to Allow One For Every Human Being on Earth.

For years the approximate number of stars visible to the eye, a matter of 3,000 or 4,000, according to the definition of average vision, has been known. By most persons, however, and by many scientists, the total number of stars in the heavens has been considered countless, if not limitless. The universe is now declared to be finite, yet of a magnificence of dimensions and of a populousness far beyond all earlier conceptions. This assumption is a result of very recent investigations into the motions and distances of the stars.

The latest studies on the subject of the number as well as the light of the stars have been made at the royal observatory at Greenwich, England. The late Franklin Adams succeeded in making a set of 206 photographs covering the entire sky. After counts were made on these pictures, from which the brightness of the self luminous bodies between practically the twelfth and seventeenth magnitudes could be inferred, it was concluded that they recorded about 55,000,000 stars.

From this a formula was determined showing the change of number in passing from one magnitude to another. With these figures it was reasoned that the aggregate number of stars is not less than 1,000,000,000, probably not more than 2,000,000,000, and probably approximately 1,600,000,000, the estimated present population of the earth.

In making computations it was inferred that there would be as many stars fainter than magnitude twenty-three or twenty-four as there are brighter.—From September Popular Mechanics Magazine.

KILL LOBSTERS KINDLY.

Put Them In Cold Water and Slowly Bring Them to a Boil.

Boiling over a slow fire is the happiest death a lobster can meet, so it has been determined at the Jersey marine biological station. The experiments were carried out by Joseph Sinel, a well known biologist, for the Isle of Jersey Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose members associated the prevalent method of killing lobsters with medieval torture.

Lobsters, says Mr. Sinel, are extremely difficult to kill. Piercing the brain does not seem to cause the lobster more than temporary annoyance, since his brain is a mere nerve ganglion the size of a hemp seed. He has to be killed all over. To throw him into boiling water fails to do the work either mercifully or quickly since he struggles violently to escape for about two minutes.

The pleasantest way to end a lobster's troubles, Mr. Sinel finds, is the old fashioned way of placing him in cold water and bringing him to a boil. As the water warms he becomes lazy and rolls over as for a sleep. By the time the water reaches the comparatively mild temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit he becomes comatose. At 80 degrees he is dead. To use a human illustration, the biologist says it is like a person succumbing to a heat wave, with loss of consciousness and a painless end.—London Cor. New York Post.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice: Mrs. Mary E. Batschelet, Wm. Clark, Mrs. Anna Grove, Mrs. Anna Miller, Jim Schawley, H. M. Van Ormer. When called for please say advertised.

Corter—Sandusky.

John A. Corter, of Mill Hall, and Miss Anna E. Sandusky, of Jersey Shore, were united in marriage by Rev. W. M. B. Glanding at the Lutheran parsonage on Wednesday, November 11th.

Application For Charter.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County. No. 80. December Term, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the above Court on Monday, December 7, 1914 at 10 o'clock A. M. under the Corporation Act of 1874 of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Forge Union Church", the character and object of which is the worship of God: and for this purpose to have and possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

The proposed charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

HENRY C QUIGLEY,
Solicitor.

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Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte Pa

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I am selling the two best Sewing Machines made—the Standard Rotary and the Eldrege Rotary.

I keep in stock other and cheaper machines and as low in price as you can buy them in Chicago.

I repair all makes of sewing machines and keep in stock shuttles and needles, also key blanks.

My shop is on West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

G. C. Clements.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Having purchased the Joseph & Co. Store we are re-adjusting all prices and have decided to place the entire

$60,000 Stock Drygoods

On The Market

At Less Than Wholesale Prices

This Wide Assortment Includes

DRESS GOODS UNDERWEAR

NOTIONS HOSIERY

In fact, anything and everything to be found in an up-to-date general drygoods store.

Every Article to be Marked Out.

HAZEL & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO JOSEPH & CO.

BELLEFONTE - - - - - - PENNA.

ALWAYS JUST A WEE BIT AHEAD

We have our Holiday goods on sale, no shortage in our stock on account of the war.

Traveling sets in cases, Toilet Sets in cases. Rings and Watches of all kinds. Pins Braceletts, Brooches, Chains, etc.

About everything one would want to select from a thoroughly complete jewelry stock. Our catalogue upon request.

F. P. BLAIR & SON

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

Bellefonte, Pa.

Fall and Winter Clothes for Men and Young Men

The best of all that is new for Fall and Winter now awaits your selection in our store. We have made our purchases with your tastes, your desires and your economies as our guide.

We know you will approve our selection. Our showing of Fall and Winter garments is the finest, the most varied and most complete since we have been in business. It includes every model and every fabric that fashion approves.

Particularly attractive is our line of Hickey-Freeman-Quality Suits and Overcoats. They are made in accordance with the best methods known in tailoring industry, rigidly followed by specialists. Each coat is kept on its own coat-hanger and even shipped to us on its own hanger. Hickey Freeman Quality tailoring and careful handling gives to each garment a distinct and enduring individuality.

Montgomery & Co.